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LIFE ON THE YUBA.

OR, PASSAGES FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF A TRUANT HUSBAND.

'TO-DAY I escaped from the scene of my daily life, and, in company with a friend whose eye can see the beautiful, and whose soul can feel the grand, I sought the solemn solitude of mountains. For two hours, we rode through the dark, silent forest. About us and above us towered mighty pines, whose roots had been grappling, for ages, stronger and more firmly among the seams and fissures of the gray granite hills, and in whose branches many generations of century-living eagles had built their nests, and taught their young to soar far into the deep-blue heaven. No trace of man's worldliness had yet defaced that solemn forest. The blows of impious axe-men had never echoed from those mountain-sides. There we rode in the old, yet fresh and glorious world which God made; and whose creation made the stars rejoice, with the deep gladness with which a happy and loving family welcomes a new birth into the household; a new segment in the circle of love.

'We were sobered. Gradually we ceased to talk of the incidents of our common life; and as the 'still, small voice' which swept evermore through the green miracles above, awed us, we grew silent and wistful, as if we had passed into the future, and were in the presence of the UNSEEN!

'After an hour of perfect silence, we found ourselves upon the summit of a high mountain, from which Nature revealed all her loveliness and grandeur to those who sought her truly. We tied our mules to the drooping branches of great firs, and gazed upon the grand picture around us. As I have said, we stood upon a mountain-top. Grasses, and ferns, and crumbled, mossy, storm-worn rocks, and delicate, strange plants, were all about us. And old pines and firs stood unbent, though bearing the weight of long centuries; and their brown trunks were covered with yellow moss, that seemed thus to wed its feeble growth to the all-enduring life of these mighty trees. And some trees there were, which showed that the brow of that old mountain smiled not always as it smiled on us. Thunder-bolts had erewhile broken the deep silence

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which then reigned ; and lightning-flashes had scorched and riven the tall cones of some of the oldest and mightiest of those trees. And there they stood — those thunder-stricken trees — stretching their leafless, barkless boughs far upward into the heaven which looked so lovingly upon all the rest, but had been so pitiless to them ! And other trees there were, whose lofty tops had vainly tried to meet the wind-shocks that had sometimes come upon them from the wide valley beneath, and the ocean beyond. And there they stood, still strong and green, but broken and humbled among their fellows ; as if trees, too, might grow proud, and needed, as some men do, to have ever before them the examples of misfortune. This was the mountain-summit ; and it was grand ; well worthy the study of a day. But below, and around, stretched miles of greater wonders.

‘ Toward the south and south-east, the view was boundless. As far as the eye could reach, stretched the lovely valley of the Sacramento, until it seemed continuous with the heaven that stooped down between the two mountain-ranges, to let its angels revel in the green beauty of that valley, and walk amid the groves that dotted it everywhere. Near by, say within twenty miles, were many fields, whose stubble showed at that distance like gold, dazzling and glistening in the sun-shine. Toward the west, at a distance of forty miles, perhaps, was the beautiful range of coast-mountains, lofty, but undulating with graceful curves, and so decked with green pines that no thought of mountain-ruggedness occurred while looking at them. They seemed as peaceful and lovely as the valley at their base ; and imagination readily filled their untroubled solitudes with all imaginable beauties, and those unimagined and yet yearned-for delights, which one *will* believe the earth can afford, if only one knew where and how to seek them. The western sun shone upon some of their sides, and gave a golden tinge to the deep-green tree-tops ; while shadows fell on others, darkening and making solemn their color without giving them the smallest look of sadness. The eye would follow this great mountain-range, rising and falling with the massive ‘ waves of beauty,’ until the deep-green grew blue at last, and melted into the all-covering heaven.

‘ Eastward, was a scene beyond all this : too grand for description, too wonderful for painting. The high peak from which we gazed went rapidly down, faster and farther than we could follow it with our eyes. In the gorge at its base grew great trees ; much greater, probably, than those about us ; and their lofty tops filled the narrow space, and kept us from seeing the river that must have roared and fretted over a chaos of rock below ; for, at the height we were, its voice came to us softened and mellowed by the distance, until it mingled in harmony with the breeze which made holy music in the pines above us. Beyond this chasm, the mountains rose high and higher ; but with gentle slopes, so that the reddish-yellow clay, at this season bare of grass, contrasted not unpleasantly with the green trees. Higher and higher rose the mountains, until we saw, beyond the sources of the rivers, the great majestic masses of the Sierra Nevada. Here rose giant cones, far above the mighty hills about them, but still green with their fitting crowns of pines. Between them, far in the faint distance, rose others yet higher,

whose proud summits bore no tree, but were decked with white, shining snow; purest of earthly things, and fittest to rest against the blue heaven. Below — that is, south of these conical mountains — stood a bare, grand, rocky, broken mountain, which seemed to have received upon its splintered crest all the shocks which a defied heaven had hurled upon it for six thousand years. And yet it stood — battered and broken into a thousand crags — as bold and defiant as ever, trusting in its granite strength to out-last the wrath of storms, and weary the omnipotence of HEAVEN.

‘Many things I have omitted in this outline. I have not told you of two eagles, which soared far above these mountains, and stooped not for hours toward their loftiest summits, as if even that glorious world were unworthy of them, And I have not told you how we sat upon gray rocks, and lay upon the fern-leaves, and thought upon the past, and remembered those we love; and threw off, there in that holy place, much of the stuff that gathers on men’s souls in life’s tiresome travel; as barnacles gather upon the keels of vessels, in their weary voyages through briny seas. And how we turned from each other there, and walked apart among the grand trees, to feel such emotions as men are unwilling to own, except to the great God.’

‘This, and more than this, you will have to imagine. It cannot be told. My pen fails me when I try to write it, even to you; to whom I would open my deepest and most secret thoughts. Beyond all that I have tried to sketch, there was much well fitted to touch and soften our hearts, had they been harder and colder than they are. Over all the wide world we saw between it and the clear, blue heavens, enwreathing and yet not obscuring every hill, and valley, and tree, was an almost imperceptible haze. It was delicate as the subtlest dream — more beautiful than the sunshine — softer than the sky. It added a thought to the depth of the mountain shadow; it veiled the glare without lessening the glory of the sun. It waved and trembled in the breeze. You *knew* it, yet saw it not. It was as the constant flight of angels. It was an atmosphere of crowded love. Could it have been the kind thoughts of unforgetting friends which had gathered to us there upon that mountain-top? Could it have been loving words of prayer, breathed afar off for us by loved ones who remember us before the God we are prone to forget, that gathered about us there, in that spot so near heaven; and wooed us to good thoughts, and made us long to be pure as the sky over us, the air around us, and the spotless snow we looked upon? I know not that it was any of these; but I know there was something about that-mountain top which seemed as if it might be either. And I know that it found its way to our hearts, and mingled with our memories of home, and blended with our love for the dear absent ones, and made pure and sweet our thoughts of the blessed dead.

‘O E——! I cannot tell you how that dream-like element touched me. But if ever, among the cruelties of life, you should be taken from me to the better world, I should wish again to sit upon that mountain-top, and believe it to be your love lingering upon the world with me. And then, while that should surround me, sweetening all memories,

sanctifying all hopes, it seems to me that I might at last become worthy of you, and leave that place only to join you again.'

'Would you like me to write you a little about the Indians? This morning, in company with J. P., and Mr. K., I visited one of their encampments, distant from this place about one mile. We found some fifteen or twenty wigwams, but only a few Indians; the most of them being on a fishing excursion to the Yuba river. The notion commonly entertained of Indians by young ladies is a good deal more romantic, or at least more beautiful than true. But it is still interesting to go among them. The wigwams are made by sticking poles into the ground so as to make a cone some ten or twelve feet in diameter at the bottom, and, say about six feet high in the centre. All the furniture I could find in any of them was a basket or two or three, of different sizes and shapes, and a machine to which they lash their paposes and stand them by the side of the tent, just as you would stand a stool up by the chimney-wall; or, if they are going anywhere, sling them over their backs.

These baskets are about as nice pieces of workmanship as you can think; braided of wood of different colors, into pretty patterns, with an ingenuity one would never expect from them. They are made perfectly tight, so as to hold water as well as any bucket. Some of the baskets, at least one for each Mohélé, (woman, pronounced mohalah,) are in form like a very large funnel, capable of holding nearly a bushel. In these baskets they carry their provisions from one place to another on their backs, in the same way as they carry their babies.

'Some of the Mohélés were preparing acorns to mix with their fish, to make soup. I will try and describe one; and 'from one learn all.' She was a young and rather pretty woman, despite her dirt and want of clothing. Certainly what 'beauty' she possessed was quite as 'unadorned' as any one could have wished. Her dress consisted of a dirty, knit woolen under-shirt, such as I used to wear, and a cotton cloth, likewise dirty, worn in the same way mothers in the States are accustomed to tie up their babies for security against little disagreeable accidents. Add to this some beads and a jewsharp strung around her neck, and you have the costume of the Indian maiden. She was seated on a large granite rock, her legs (beg pardon—her limbs) stretched as far asunder as convenience permitted, and between them, in a little hollow in the rock, was a pile of dried acorns which she was pounding with a stone, and sifting every now and then in a peculiar manner, which would take too much time to describe. After watching this damsel awhile, and seeing her occasionally sweep, with a small brush she had, the dust of the powdered acorns off her bare legs into the rest of the pile, and also blow her nose every now and then with her hands, and other innocent, unsophisticated ways of hers, I concluded, in case I received an invitation to eat, to plead a poor appetite. The girl pounded away for a long time without deigning to notice us or seeming to know that we were about. All at once her tongue became loose enough, and in a mixture of Mexican and Indian words she contrived to tell us she was very busy, had to get her acorns all pounded by the time the sun got round to a certain tree, so the Americans *couldn't*

court her that day! From this little speech I inferred that the little Mohélé's opinion of her charms was as good as the reality warranted; and that probably she was quite a belle in the society to which she was accustomed.

'You should see an Indian woman cooking soup! They make a broad, shallow hole in the ground, which they pound until it is hard; then fill it with water, into which they put their meat. They then heat rocks in a fire and boil their soup by putting the rocks into it. When boiled enough, they thicken it with their pounded acorns; of which they collect sometimes one or two hundred bushels.

'Some of the Indian women were mourning for their husbands recently dead. They expressed their grief by having their heads, (the hair closely cut,) necks and part of the face covered thickly with *tar*! But enough of Indians for now.'

K I N D R E D S P I R I T S .

BY A. FLOYD FRAZER.

GENTLY as the weeping-willow
 Sighs responsive to the breeze,
 Or the morning-zephyrs whisper
 To the half-unfolded leaves —
 Bend the chords of kindred spirits,
 Wakeful to each other's strains;
 Each, the other's impulse sharing,
 Knows its joys, and feels its pains.

Sweetly as the wind-harp trembles,
 Swept by fairy hands unseen,
 Where the genii haunt the bowers,
 In the summer wood-lands green —
 Speaks the silvery voice confiding,
 Breathing through its tranquil tone
 Thoughts, whose depth of latent being
 Stirs the fountains of our own.

Fondly as the waking flower,
 From drowsy air of night,
 Smiles to greet the pleasant morning,
 With its cheerfulness and light —
 Turns the lonely heart from sadness,
 Yielding to the mystic tie,
 Which transmits the sweet assurance
 That a sister soul is nigh.

Pure the source, O KINDRED FEELING,
 Whence thy sweet impulses flow;
 Lending hope, and joy, and gladness,
 Man, without thee, ne'er might know:
 Thou dost preach of love immortal —
 Love beyond the sphere of Time:
 Thou hadst, sure, thy birth in heaven!
 Earth is not thy native clime.

FANNY ROSS' BEAUX.

BY LYSANDER FREDER.

No person in this world can have a greater dislike or more hearty contempt than I have for that class of persons denominated scandal-mongers; a set of sneaks who take delight in circulating the mishaps or peccadilloes of their neighbors, generally with embellishments of their own, and who will inform you in a low tone, and with injunctions of great secrecy, of the unhappy difficulties between my wife and me, and the next moment will enlighten me on the subject of your propensity for drink, or on the causes of your recent unfortunate failure. Such despicable Echos are beneath the notice of any honest man, though I am afraid that too many of us often lend a listening ear to these retailers of mischief and seldom condemn them unheard.

I make the above remarks to give the reader an idea of the estimation in which I hold such individuals, and to assure him that in relating the following occurrences I am actuated by no mean or spiteful motive, but simply by the intention to point a moral, and in the hope that it may prove a wholesome lesson to whom it may concern.

Harvey Ross was a merchant-prince in every sense of the term, whole-souled and generous, a man of large heart and open pocket. He had arisen from nothing, and had attained by his prudence, industry, and perseverance, the eminent position of senior in the great house of Ross, Anderson & Co.; and much to his credit, be it said, he had successively taken in partnership, three of his clerks, young men of merit, and made rich men of them; a noble trait this in Mr. Ross' character, and one worthy of imitation; a sentiment I take upon me to say reciprocated and applauded by more than one book-keeper grown gray over his employer's ledger.

In addition to these fine qualities, Mr. Ross was immensely wealthy; there is no telling exactly how much; but as Jack Sharp said, 'I have no doubt that I could have made a snug fortune by buying him out for half a million, provided, of course, the purchase-money were advanced me;' in fine, Harvey Ross, reader, was such a man as you or I would have liked for a bosom friend, and whom we would have loved and respected as befitted his worth and virtue. But better than all this — better to me, I mean, Mr. Ross had a daughter, an only daughter, whom he idolized and doted on. She was about sixteen when I first became acquainted with her, and ——. It would be useless for me to attempt to describe her minutely, as my pen is inadequate to the task; suffice it to say, that Fanny Ross was a fresh, lively little beauty, who had rosy cheeks, not proceeding from red flannel* or vile cosmetic, as their changing blushes testified; and from her plump, white throat and

* For the benefit of the uninitiated, it would be as well to mention that the damsels blend the hue of the rose to their lily cheeks by rubbing them with red flannel, which produces a very natural tint.

firm, round ankle, tapering into a Cinderella foot, it was evident that Fanny was not indebted to her dressmaker for her graceful charms of person. I have a daguerreotype likeness of Fanny's face now. 'A daguerreotype! how common-place!' I hear you say.

'Very true, madam, and so unromantic!' I tried once to compose a few stanzas on the portrait, intending to introduce the idea of '*Phabus' glowing pencil*' and all that sort of thing, but it would not do; the confounded name spoilt all; however, there it is, and how can I trace thy Hebe bloom and satin skin in this dark, cold, steel imprint? Sweet Fanny Ross! Down with Daguerre! say I; give me the glowing, life-like tints of the dear darling miniature, painted on the thin section of an elephant's tooth.

But to resume: with all his wealth, Mr. Ross' ambition did not extend to that ostentatious display and show which so generally characterises the *parvenu*, but he lived in a plain, sensible way, and enjoyed that solid comfort which is not measured by Avenue houses and gaudy furniture, although this might be owing in part to his wife's inclinations, a quiet, good old lady, somewhat illiterate, (she had been a seamstress, or something of that sort when she married Ross,) who did not take that pride in her parlors which is one of the recognized traits in the character of the American female, but confining herself principally to the basement, and to her own room, deputed to her daughter the task of entertaining the guests, and dispensing the hospitalities of the mansion. I may as well mention here, the only other member of Mr. Ross' family, his sister, Miss Euphemia Ross, an elderly maiden lady, no favorite of mine, but entitled to a little notice on the score of relationship to Fanny; you were always sure to see Euphemia when you visited the house, and she was an intolerable bore, popping in the rooms at inopportune times, and driving you distracted with her endless chatter.

You may rest assured, that with all these attractions, Fanny was not without suitors; and although probably a large portion of them were as sensible to the advantage of having a father-in-law of Mr. Ross' excellence of heart, and magnitude of income, as they were to the fascinations of his handsome daughter, no such calculating passion possessed my heart; and I can honestly say that I loved sweet Fanny for her own dear self. I am of course above such silly notions as love in a cottage, dining off a crust of bread, etc., and would not refuse the portion with the belle; still I am not insatiable in my desires; the girl of my heart, a snug country-box, neat town-house in winter, a pair of bays, and I am satisfied; for after all, is not contentment the great secret of happiness?

As I was saying, there was no lack of visitors at the family mansion in Fifteenth-street, and hardly an evening passed without bringing a detachment of finely-dressed courtiers to pay their homage to our enchanting little queen; and what a group for Hogarth's pencil would one of these *reunions* of wooing gallants present; their starched politeness and superb indifference to each other, their smirks and smiles to Fanny, and airs of dashy recklessness or of immense grandeur, were beautiful to behold, and so charming a spectacle would have delighted

me beyond measure had I been in a frame of mind to enjoy it. And thou, Sir Michael Angelo Titmarsh, most potent knight of the satirical stylus, how thou wouldst have pinked, slashed, and scarified, with a few dashes of thy trenchant pen, this nest of full blown-snobs: there was Smythe, in light, silky moustache, and who entertained strange ideas about French; and having acquired the Parisian dialect during his three months' stay in the capital, was continually paying compliments in that idiom to Fan; she, of course, (having graduated from one of our most fashionable seminaries,) being perfectly conversant with the language. I do not pretend to be the best judge in the world of this matter, but I must say I prefer the short, clipping way in which French people speak, to the drawling tone that pervaded their conversation.

Then, there was also Barker, tall, and with the splendid tenor voice, who always wore pants of startling plaid, encasing legs of a rather Shanghai-like symmetry, and was great in the aria from the tomb-scene in 'Loocher,' as it was called. Fan would trill the keys of her piano most brilliantly, and Barker would roar to his great satisfaction and our annoyance. Another one of these worthies was Fred Fanshaw, a small, contemptible fellow, with trim, black whiskers, tiny boots, sealing and charms; this was the dandy beau, and Fanny would appeal to him as a man of taste. Save the mark! I would lay the Koh-i-noor to an aqua-marine that his quantum of brains would not suffice for a sagacious peacock. I am afraid I hated him. I remember once picking in the conservatory a delicate moss rose-bud, which I placed in Fanny's chestnut curls, and which she wore all the evening to my great delight; but, before leaving I noticed my gift dangling at the button-hole of the little simpleton; I would not have been half so annoyed had a sensible man received it, but I sought consolation in the thought that it has always been, from time immemorial, the privilege of pretty girls to flirt and tease, and that there is no accounting for woman's taste; *vide* the husbands of handsome women, mostly insignificant men, as we all know. As a case in point: my friend Dallison was rejected not long since by a young lady said to possess wit, sense, and beauty, who took to her arms a black-eyed booby, and jilted Dallison because dizziness prevented him from waltzing, and his nose was fashioned more on the Ovidian model than modern taste dictates; and yet my friend is a man of excellent qualities, and his late translation of the 'Clouds' of Aristophanes, with critical annotations, is the admiration of the lettered world. The thought has occurred to me more than once, that my wearing glasses was rather an impediment in the way to a successful termination of my suit in the present instance, though I have no positive evidence of the fact.

Like most persons of refined feelings and susceptibility of character, I am passionately fond of music; and tradition has it in our family, that while a child in arms, I have displayed, by my infantile gyrations, extreme pleasure, and greeted with ready penny, those troubadours of our age, yclept street-organists; even the monkey who generally officiates as collector on such occasions, being but a secondary attraction to the dulcet strains issuing from those melodious boxes: this taste has grown with my growth, and now, though I do not pretend to artistic

excellence, I flatter myself that I am a tolerably good musician, and with a better appreciation of the divine art than falls to the lot of most men ; not like those hypocritical and fastidious people who feign agonizing tortures if a singer skips a quaver, or the piano needs tuning. No, by the pipes of Pan, my tympanum is made of sterner stuff, and, grateful for small favors, does not shrink from a little discordance ; I must even cordially admit that I derive great gratification and renewed elasticity of step whenever passing the delectable balcony opposite St. Paul's, and go on my way rejoicing, humming the Prima-Donna, and blessing Barnum and the gentlemen of the orchestra for the delightful fillip to my sensorium. In fact, to speak figuratively, I am a species of harmonic bee, culling melodious sweets from reed, string, and sounding brass.

Fanny had a very superior musical education, and played and sang extremely well ; she was indebted for this to her preceptor, Frascetti, a teacher much in vogue then ; an Italian, said to belong to a noble Florentine family ; he was a political refugee ; not one of your hot-headed impetuous democrats, but a mild, quiet republican, of rather an aristocratic bias, as a man would naturally be, who, though allied by blood and taste to the patrician order would be led by the impulses of his heart to sympathise and act with the plebeians, he had an aversion to the 'reds' and socialists, but spoke of Kossuth and Mazzini in approving terms. Altogether, he was a gentlemanly revolutionist, and as it was understood that he had lost a fortune in the cause of freedom, and being a man familiar with several languages, and possessed of a large stock of anecdotes, gossip, and scandal, of all the courts and salons of Europe, beside having been personally intimate with many titled personages, he was considered quite an interesting individual by the fair sex, and was greatly courted and admired by many ladies moving in the first circles. This exiled lion was about forty-five years of age, middle-sized, stout, thickly bearded, and moustached in black, glossy locks to match, and with a small, round, bald spot on the crown of his head ; he displayed white teeth as he grinned and lisped his Tuscan-English ; dressed always in black, and carried a bamboo-stick like a doctor. I did not like the man the first time I saw him ; but he was so confoundedly polite and affable, that it was impossible to be unso-cialable to him.

Time passed on, and not one of the many beaux ardently sighing for Fanny's little heart, could boast of gaining any advantages over his fellow-aspirants ; and Fan's blue eyes greeted us all with the same happy, cordial look, and she remained to all appearances fancy-free. I, who was in that state of deep despair and blissful ecstasies — that *mélange* of the emotions exquisitely painful and bitterly sweet, called love, which you undoubtedly know all about, reader, better than I can tell you, and if you do not, you certainly will at some period or other, — I who was in that condition just mentioned, determined to bring matters to a crisis. I had had an interview with Mr. Ross on the subject, but had received but little encouragement ; he said he did not wish her to marry at present ; that he considered her yet too young to leave him, etc., etc. ; however, nothing daunted, I meant to come to

an understanding with my charmer, state the case in a plain, unadorned way, and if I could get but the shadow of encouragement, to besiege her father with my supplications, and proffer my willingness to wait six months, or even a year if necessary, for so rich a boon as his daughter's hand. I called on Fanny one afternoon, and being alone with her, I pleaded my suit with all the ardor, tempered by quiet and gentle affection, that should always pervade a gentleman's courtship. I was a little surprised at the way in which my address was received, as she burst into a ridiculous peal of laughter, and said that she never imagined for a moment I entertained any such ideas — (the little hypocrite) — she 'esteemed me greatly as a friend, and as such would be always glad to see me,' and much more to the same purpose; I retired in no way discomfited, and with the determination that it would be no fault of mine if the 'profound friendship' did not, by devoted and affectionate attentions, ripen into something more akin to my own feelings.

I was reckoning, though, without my hostess, as you will presently see. The next visit I made to Mr. Ross' house, and to the usual inquiry 'Is Miss Fanny at home?' the servant announced, 'She is gone.'

'Gone out?' said I.

At this moment, Euphemia appeared in the hall and cried, 'Oh! come in, Mr. Feeder, come in! I wish to speak with you.'

From some cause or other, the thought struck me that some accident had befallen Fanny; and affrightened, I walked in, and seating myself by Euphemia's side, I tremulously awaited what she had to impart.

'Oh! Mr. Feeder, we have had such a time! Fanny has gone off!'

'Gone off where?' said I.

'She ran away last evening; ran away, and has been getting married!'

'Fanny married! it is not possible; to whom?'

'To ——— Would you believe it, Mr. Feeder, that she has run away and married her music-teacher, Frascchetti? and we have had such a time; when Mr. Ross knew it, you may imagine there was a scene. I never saw any one so affected in my life. I really thought it would have killed him; he did not storm much, but we had to send for the physician, and he was bled; he appears to be much better now, though he declares he never will see her face again.'

And so it was; Fanny, our sweet little Fanny, had run off and married Frascchetti and his forty-five years, and I was jilted, rejected, scorned, despised for a ———

I, who ———

But how foolish I am! But the thought that while I was dancing attendance, and dangling in the train of this imperious, capricious little duchess, this fellow was enjoying unlimited opportunity, in his capacity of teacher, to accomplish his designs, and with his infernal grin, 'expressive' eyes, his scraps of Tasso, and his Petrarch and Laura, had so worked on the plastic mind of this child of sixteen, that she thought — as every girl thinks of her first love — that he was a compound of every thing great, good, and noble; and so, one fine morning, Miss and her

beau crossed to Brooklyn, and were married, and the happiness of the bride was only equalled by the good fortune of the groom. Fanny returned to her home for a few days ; but fearing to divulge her marriage to her father and mother, while there, she left the house and went to live with her husband ; a note left on her table explained her absence, and begged her father's forgiveness, who would, she was certain, be reconciled to the match when he became sufficiently acquainted with him.

As you will readily believe, the blow was a heavy one to the father ; she was his only child, whom he had loved beyond any thing, and he could not realize that she had committed so disobedient an act ; but it was not long before he relented and wished to see her ; he was an old man and still considered her but a little child, and I verily believe that he would have forgiven her, if she had married Haynau ; as for the old lady, she cried more at seeing her husband's distress than at any distinct idea of a misfortune having befallen Fanny.

When the old man saw his ungrateful child, he begged and entreated her to leave the rascal, the child-robber, as he called him, and return home ; that all would be forgiven, and Frascchetti pensioned off with a liberal allowance, on condition of his never attempting to see her again ; and I have no doubt, that the wily rascal would have joyfully acceded to this proposition, but Fanny would not listen to it, and with a high head, exclaimed, that death only should part her from her heart's choice ; and she had chosen to exercise her own judgment in a matter so interwoven with her future life and happiness, with many more phrases to the same purpose ; hackneyed arguments of all girls in similar circumstances, and who hold the independent and high-spirited doctrine, that all young ladies should select their own husbands ; that the heart is the best guide, and if father and mother approve of their choice, well and good ; if not, why they cannot help it, as they are the ones who have to live with the man, and not their respected parents.

At last the old man consented to receive this interesting couple in his house, and now we have Frascchetti installed in his father-in-law's comfortable quarters, and all difficulties being settled, every thing went smoothly on ; perhaps a little petulance on the part of the bride and some newly-discovered traits in the character of the bridegroom may have become apparent ; but such trifles being of common occurrence, particularly where disparity of age and habits exists, it is hardly worth while mentioning.

About seven months or so after the nuptials of the gallant Frascchetti and the enchanting Fanny, a gentleman of foreign accent, evidently an Italian, and following, as he stated, the respectable occupation of barber and hair-dresser, called upon Mr. Ross at his office down town, and requested a few moments' private conversation with him on an important subject ; after introducing himself as a friend of Mr. Ross' son-in-law, Mr. Frascchetti, he proved it by informing Mr. Ross of the gratifying fact that he was also the friend of Mrs. Frascchetti, not, he wished to explain, of Mr. Ross' daughter, but of Mrs. Frascchetti the first, a lady still living near Florence, and in the enjoyment of excellent health, though supporting herself and family in a precarious manner by straw-

braiding, and who would be delighted, he was certain, to receive news of the good fortune of her excellent husband.

I leave the reader to imagine what effect this cumulative shock of misery had on the old man, and I wish to cast a veil over the future of this unhappy family. They live in a retired manner at a little distance from the city. What has become of Frascchetti I know not; it turned out that he had been originally a chorus-singer, and being a cunning man, of some ability, he was also employed as a government-spy, and subsequently turned adventurer, gambler, cheat, and what not, and Fanny, while innocently and trustingly placing her rosy palm in his tainted hand, pledged her hopes and affections to as arrant a knave as ever was eliminated from the dregs and lees of European vagabondage.

While standing on the steps of the 'New-York' the other day, talking with my Parisian friend, Percalin, now on here with samples from a large house in the *Rue du Sentier*, who should pass but the fair Miss Amelia Hallworth, accompanied by a slender, handsome young man, elegantly dressed, and of unexceptionable bearing. I had hardly time to raise my hat, when, with a graceful nod, she sailed magnificently on.

'*Qu'elle est belle!* and who is she?' said my friend.

'That charming girl who has just passed, is the daughter of one of our wealthiest merchants, and has a fortune left her by her grandmother, of some one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and that young fellow you saw with her is a Cubano, Don José Menil y Peña, he calls himself, and his name is on the black-list of the fashionable tailors; the boot-makers know him to their cost, and I understand that he left Havana, because the place was made too hot to hold him. Miss Hallworth, the young lady, met him at Saratoga last summer, and seems to be quite taken with his pale face, and large, black eyes.'

'*Bah!* It cannot be possible; do her parents permit this?'

'Her parents do not know any thing about it; and again, my dear Percalin, you must know that an American mother knows her station too well to be impertinent or inquisitive in her daughter's affairs; and as for her father, if the old gentleman should happen to go in the parlor when Miss and her beau are there, Amelia will say, 'Pa, allow me to introduce you to Don José Menil y Peña.'

'Pa will shake hands with him, and say: 'Happy to make your acquaintance, Sir. Hope I see you well?' and then will walk out of the room where he was intruding. This is probably the only interview they will have until the wedding-day—if then.'

'*Mais mon cher, c'est ici le paradis des beaux garçons*; this is the promised land of fortune-hunters,' exclaimed Percalin, stroking his moustache; and since, I have noticed my friend assiduously promenading Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and darting killing glances at the fair occupants of all equipages that pass; and I am told that he is seeking introductions to young ladies of fortune, and as he is a jaunty little fellow, not bad looking, nor lacking audacity, why his chances are not so bad.

In that case, I don't see what is to become of Little Eugenie, his

cousin, with her *trente mille francs de dot*, and to whom (Eugenie and the francs,) he was betrothed six years ago, and was to marry next spring.

And now, my respected Mrs. Standard, permit me, with all due deference to your superior wisdom, to address you a few words; allow me to indulge the hope that when little Bel, whom I saw tripping along in neat drab leggings to Miss Montflathers' school this morning, arrives at that all-important period in girl-hood, her 'coming out,' you will not relax, but continue to extend over her that ever-watchful care which you now exercise so vigilantly; and above all do not permit her to keep or have 'company' that is not your 'company;' in other words, to have no friends or acquaintances unless under your seal of approbation, and thus may Bel be saved from much unhappiness, and you from a *mésalliance* which a caprice of Miss and a facile clergyman, would render no way impossible, but which would cause you more vexation and grief, I am sure, than to lose the two front-teeth, from that row of pearly pegs, that garnish your beautiful mouth.

F R A N C E .

In foreign realms, far o'er the surging sea,
The human heart unshadowed throbs with glee.
The gay Parisian, with rejoicing eyes,
Pursues the phantom PLEASURE, as it flies;
Seeks for each day some new delight to gain,
Some novel pageant with its gorgeous train.
When morning gilds the Pantheon's golden dome,
The joyful bell invites him forth to roam;
The clang of arms, the squadron's gay parade,
Allure the willing truant from his trade:
Intent the cup of present bliss to share,
He leaves the future for itself to care.
Though clad in rags, a torn and tattered wight —
Though gemmed and gloved, resplendent to the sight,
'Tis all the same, the voice of PLEASURE calls,
Nor calls in vain within Parisian walls.
Forth to the dear Elysian Fields he goes
To gaze in transport on its sights and shows.

Life is to him one gilded round of joy;
Woe may not dim, nor bliss his senses cloy;
His charger scours the woods of St. Germain,
His meerschauum smokes in Versailles' grand domain;
Stretched at his ease beside its marble fount,
Whose showery jet refreshes glade and mount,
He cons his print, or wrangles in debate
O'er the vexed question of the king and state.
And when the day with fading glory shines,
And blue eve comes, as twilight's bloom declines,
He seeks his Vaudeville, or the nightly throng
Where ELSSLER whirls, or GRISI weaves the song.

Vain, heedless jester! charmed with childish straws,
 Or prompt to waste his life-blood for his cause;
 One royal edict aimed against his right
 Will rouse our trifer, harnessed for the fight;
 Fierce glows his heart as waves his flashing steel,
 Undaunted still though thrones and empires reel;
 He delves the trench, heaps high the barricade,
 Sweeps the red rampart with his dripping blade;
 Storms with his axe the 'leagured palace-gate,
 And spurns the throne with all its purple state;
 Or pours his heart-blood, with his dying groan,
 To raise a third Napoleon to a throne!

Proud, gallant nation! rash, impetuous race!
 Thy pastime, battle, thy repulse, disgrace;
 The sword thy plaything and the gun thy toy;
 The charge, the onset, thy terrific joy;
 The clanging tramp, the shattering crash of arms,
 These, these, alas! for thee have dearest charms.
 Land of the Gaul! so flushed with generous zeal,
 May no dark storm eclipse thy shining weal;
 May ne'er the beauteous fabric of thy state
 In fire and carnage seal its final fate.
 Think of thy past, with each heart-rending scene,
 Thy Reign of Terror, and thy Guillotine!

When royal LOUIS, hapless ANTOINETTE,
 'Neath the red knife their fate relentless met;
 When France poured out from many a precious vein
 Her lavish blood the soil of France to stain,
 'Twas a dark scene, and at this distant year
 The mind recoils the awful tale to hear.
 When brutal passion and demoniac hate
 Rage with mankind, farewell the doomed state!
 Youth, blooming virtue, manhood, reverend age,
 All sink the victims of the assassin's rage.
 E'en valor then all vainly may extend
 His guardian shield the helpless to befriend;
 MERCY as vain may plead in tones sublime
 To melt the adamant heart of crime.

Learn the dear truth that rosy-girdled PEACE
 Alone can bless the blooming realm's increase:
 Sheathe the red sword, enwreathe its shining blade
 With fruitful vines that drape the pastoral glade.
 Yield the sharp lance and Conquest's martial sheen
 For shepherd's crook, and reaper's sickle keen.
 On history's page see woe and carnage writ;
 O'er its blurred scroll see haggard phantoms flit;
 Recall the past, when Europe rang with arms,
 Each realm a camp, resounding with alarms;
 When 'Victory's Child' his crimsoned flag unfurled,
 And wasted France to subjugate the world.

Gaze where his dead he heaped along the Rhine;
 The gallant dead that sleep beneath the vine:
 See where the grassy hillocks of his slain
 Like billows heave o'er soft Italia's plain;
 By Arno's bank and Tiber's yellow wave
 The herdsman shows the Frenchman's frequent grave.
 See how they moulder thick as autumn leaves
 Where Spain's mild breeze its sigh of sadness heaves.

'Neath Douro's wave and Gaudalquiver's tide
The white bones glimmer where his legions died ;
And oft the plough-boy spurneth with his heel
By Salamanca's wall their rusted steel ;
Far in the north trace out o'er Russian snows,
His bleeding cohorts belted round with foes ;
Where the swart Tartar rages with his spear,
And savage Cossacks ride in mad career ;
See the red heaps of Borodino's fray,
And mourn for France so childless made that day ;
O'er Moscow view the tempest-sea of fire,
The Kremlin's flame, ambition's funeral pyre.

Last scene of all, view Gaul's imperial flag
Torn from its staff, a soiled, dishonored rag ;
Her armies humbled lowly in the dust,
Her eagles trampled, and her sword in rust,
Napoleon's self in exile o'er the sea,
A crownless king, his spirit only free.
Read the red scroll, and con the lesson well
That glory's trumpet proves a wailing knell.
Weave then the dance, prolong your festive sports
In rural grange, or proud ancestral courts,
Nor strive to stretch the sceptre of your pride
Beyond the Nile, far as the Danube's tide.

'Mid softer scenes, where flows the sparkling Seine,
Through verdurous meadows pastoral and serene,
The Norman boor as joyous still we find,
With radiant brow reflecting forth his mind :
Villa and hamlet, grange and gay chateau,
With gay-hued groups and jocund brows o'erflow.
Calm scenes of beauty ! Widely spreads the wood
A solemn shade, a sylvan solitude ;
High heaves the elm its dense imperial screen,
The regal oak waves out its vestments green,
The dark pine lifts its sombre banner high,
And giant chestnuts challenge with the sky.
Soft spreads beneath the green and grassy floor,
With color'd blooms all gaily sprinkled o'er,
With odorous wild-flowers dazzling as the light
Of spangling stars that gem the brow of night.
Hard by, a brook pours out its crystal stream
O'er its stone font, where milk-white pebbles gleam
O'er moss-grown rock and antique root it flows,
With liquid accents singing as it goes :
The willow leans enchanted o'er its brink,
And the lithe alder bendeth low to drink ;
Thick-woven ivies, woodbines steeped in dew,
Since the creation there their blooms renew,
Twine their light garlands and festoons to drape
The peaceful glades, commingled with the grape.

In such fair spot the Norman peasant dwells,
His heart unsullied as his crystal wells ;
'He tends his flocks, he fells the woodland tree,
And rocks at eve his infants on his knee.
'Neath the gnarled elm that shades his rustic home
Each eve the viol bids the dancers come,
And thus roll on each morning, noon, and night,
In healthful toil and innocent delight.

ISAAC MACLELLAN.

BAPTISTE MONTAUBAN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

'I SHOULD be sorry to leave these pleasant hills,' said I, as I took leave of my hostess at the gate, 'without having visited my father's worthy old friend, M. Dubourg. It is only seven o'clock: nine miles are a mere nothing in such weather as this, and I can spare at least one day without putting myself out much. I'm sure M. Dubourg would take it unkindly of me were I to leave this part of the country without visiting him *en passant*.'

'He would never forgive you,' replied my hostess; 'every day for the last week, he has sent over here with inquiries as to whether you had arrived.'

'Beside,' resumed I, 'it would never do to lose so good an opportunity of testing my prophetic gifts. Five years ago, I predicted that Rosalie, his daughter, then in her twelfth year, would grow up to be the belle of the community. I am curious to see whether the little gray-eyed brunette has belied me.'

'Don't you be afraid of that,' said Madame Gauthier; 'you might travel to Besançon — ay, or to Strasbourg,' (*her equivalents for the antipodes*;) — without meeting her like, and as good as gold she is; gold, or jewels, or pearls. But don't you go fall in love with her, now, and then come back here all moping and heart-sick, as you have done before. It an't no manner of use, nice young man or not; for she's going to be married, and that soon.'

'Hang it! Madame Gauthier, you *will* call me a young man, although I'm past four-and-twenty, and occupying a very serious position in society! Do you suppose that a man on the eve of being called to the bar, is capable of abandoning himself to his passions like a mere student, or a love-sick lawyer's clerk? Be calm, mine excellent hostess, and do me the favor of putting me on the road to M. Dubourg's country-house, of the locality of which I am unpardonably ignorant.'

'The first half of the road is easy enough,' said she; 'you must stick to the little beaten path running through the meadows, there, and by the willows along the brook; but when you get to the foot of the hill that shuts in the valley, it will be another story: for then you'll find yourself in the wood of Châtillon, through which you must pass to find the château. The wood-cutters have made all manner of cross-tracks there, in their comings and goings, and, indeed, strangers have got lost there, before now; but there are several hovels and huts on the borders of the forest, so that you have only to shout, to bring a guide to your assistance.'

Full of this useful information, I shook hands with my hostess, and, following the direction indicated by her, walked rapidly away, spouting verses as I went — bits of bombast for my tragedy — with that unbounded pleasure which a young author feels in playing with the child-

ren of his fancy. In about an hour, I found myself a good way from 'the little beaten path running through the meadows, and by the willows along the brook;' and it was lucky for me that the hill, which was my only land-mark, had not also been fascinated by the tragic muse, and strayed from his position in following her.

Having kept along the edge of the wood for some distance, according to my instructions, forcing my way through brushwood so tangled that there was hardly room for a hare to pass through it, I suddenly came in view of a small, white, rough-cast cottage, leaning against the forest, as it were, and looking like an oratory crowned with foliage; about which there was a square inclosure, fenced in with a rustic, trellised pallisading which was twined and festooned with thick, luxuriant vines, and other climbing plants, interwoven with woodbine in full blossom. A young man was seated upon a bench, close by the door. He was apparently too much occupied by his own thoughts to be aware of my presence, so that I had an opportunity of regarding him well, and have often since remembered the extraordinary interest and curiosity which his appearance excited within me. I am not of a romantic turn; my worst enemy will admit that; but the place, the circumstances, something in the expression of the youth, conjured up a train of sentiment that drove my tragedy out of my head. Seated there, absorbed in his own thoughts, he was like a creation from the dream of a Greek sculptor, sleeping upon a good action. He appeared to be of delicate frame, and even weakly; but his pale and handsome face, around which clustered thick, waving locks of fair hair, wore, nevertheless, a remarkable expression of resolution, mingled with one of habitual and profound meditation.

He slightly turned his head as I approached, and, looking at me intently for an instant, made a movement as if about to rise from his seat; but I hastened to prevent him, for he seemed to me to be ill and weak.

'Excuse me,' said I, 'for having approached you so abruptly; but can you, without inconveniencing yourself, point out to me the path leading through the forest to the house of M. Dubourg? It cannot be far from this.'

He looked hard at me, again; but his countenance had passed from an expression of passive gentleness into one of alarm and distrust. Then, after appearing to reflect for a moment, he exclaimed, as if endeavoring to recall some confused memories:

'The house of M. Dubourg? — Dubourg? — M. Dubourg's house? Ah! ha! yes! there *was* such a house, once upon a time; a pretty house, where I lived when I was young. It was there that I first saw angels; those angels who have taken upon themselves the forms of women. It was there I learned to love the flowers in their seasons, and the birds, and their songs. But that was n't in this world, though.'

And he hid his face in his hands, as if altogether unconscious of my presence. Was he an idiot, or a lunatic? While I considered him, the door of the cottage opened, and there appeared on the threshold a woman of about fifty, better clad than the generality of the peasantry of the district.

'How now, Baptiste,' said she; 'you forget to welcome the stranger with an offer of fruit and milk, and of such shade and rest as our poor cottage can afford to a traveller?'

'Pray, Madame,' cried I, 'do not be angry with him; I have been here but a moment, and have already received such a welcome as I shall not easily forget.'

But poor Baptiste had not even heard his mother's voice. He had gone back to his reveries; and, sitting with his arms crossed upon his breast, and his head hanging down, uttered, in a low voice, some incoherent and broken sentences.

I followed the good woman into an apartment of tolerable dimensions, and very neatly furnished — the best room, evidently — where she placed me in the chair of state, a plaited structure of blue and white straw, while she drove into the next room a perfect swarm of little birds of different species, which showed hardly any signs of fear at my approach, and seemed to obey her in a manner wonderful to behold, so completely domesticated were they. She renewed her offer of refreshment, but, on my declining it, she seated herself near me, asking in what manner they could be of service to me, in the white cottage of the woods?

'That was what I was telling your son, when you came,' replied I, 'but the poor lad did not seem to be aware of my address. He must have met with some terrible affliction, Madame; has he been long in that condition?'

'No, Sir,' answered she, repressing her tears, 'and even now, he is not always in that state of mind. He is ever sad, poor Baptiste; as sad as he is good: but he is sensible enough in his ideas at most times, and when people are careful not to talk on certain subjects before him; I am particular about that, you may be sure, for the least word of that sort always brings the melancholy fit upon him. He was once so happy, poor child! that my hopes were all with him, and I looked to him as a future honor to my declining years: but God, who is good, has changed all that!'

At these words her tears flowed unrestrained. I took her hand, and asked her pardon for having thus renewed the traces of her sorrows.

'Since you appear interested in Baptiste,' resumed she, when she had become more calm, 'I must tell you something about him. My husband, Joseph Montauban, was one of the best workmen employed upon the buildings of the Grand-Vau. Nevertheless, we were poor, because the times were bad for mechanics, and my family, of a rank above that of my husband, had paid to the events of the day, a tribute still more painful. We scarcely knew where to turn ourselves, when a wealthy and respectable gentleman of the neighborhood intrusted my husband with the construction of a large house, which you will see, probably, on your way through the forest. When the building was erected, my poor husband mounted to the roof-tree, to plant there, according to custom, the bouquet and flag of honor. He had arrived nearly at the top, when a loose timber gave way, and he was precipitated to the ground. Thus he met his fate. M. Dubourg, the owner of the house, was greatly moved at this unfortunate calamity; and, as some compensation, he

caused this little cottage to be built for me and my son, allowing me a pension, beside, to keep us beyond the pressure of want. More than that, he took charge of the education of Baptiste, who was then about five or six years old, and a great favorite with every body, on account of his spirit and his handsome face. And so my boy was brought up in M. Dubourg's house, with the same care, and under the same masters, as the beautiful daughter of his benefactor. This went on for ten years; and Baptiste had profited so well by the instruction given him, that, as I have heard folks of learning say, few lads of his age were better fitted for beginning life creditably. M. Dubourg himself came here to tell me so, adding, in a serious, but kind tone of voice: 'You see, Madame Montauban, that it is now time to separate Baptiste from my Rosalie. He is sixteen years old; she is thirteen, past. The young people are arrived at an age when love begins to make his appearance; and so, my good friend, we must send the boy home to you, and leave him with you until I can obtain for him the position which he merits, either in some family still more opulent than mine, or in some creditable academy. It will be advisable, believe me, thus to accustom them to live apart from one another, so that they may feel the privation less when they come to be parted for ever. Tell Baptiste that I shall never alter my regards for him; and explain to him — as a mother best can explain — my reasons for now removing him from my house. Exact a promise from him, also, not to return to the château; and, indeed, since the mere sight of my house might conjure up fruitless regrets, embittering his sojourn with you, perhaps it will be as well to bind him not to wander farther from the forest, in our direction, than the place called the Open — the bend of the river Ain, where the sweep of the road is marked by two rows of tall elms. You know that the first peep of my park-wall is not to be had until one has followed this road for some distance. Don't be afraid of his disobeying you; he'd rather die than break his word.'

'I was thunderstruck at what M. Dubourg said, because it was a thing I had n't been expecting: and yet it all seemed to me to be so right and so reasonable, that I contented myself with thanking him, as well as I could, for all his past kindness.

'I know,' continued he, as he rose to go away, 'that this step will increase your expenses, for a while, at least; but Baptiste is well and favorably known to a great many of my friends, and I am daily expecting to hear of a good situation for him. Meantime, accept this, which will enable you to obtain for him such little conveniences as he has been accustomed to;' and he placed in my hand a purse, containing a hundred golden *louis*, which he insisted upon my retaining, in spite of my efforts to return it to him.

'It was about this time of the year that Baptiste usually came to pass a few weeks with me, bringing with him his books and instruments. I was so happy, then! And so he came to join me at the cottage, without any misgivings; indeed, he seemed pleased and happy, as he always was upon these occasions. Never had I seen him handsomer, more full of spirits, more satisfied with life; although, from his infancy upward, he would now and then fall into fits of melancholy. My only

fear now was, that he would overwork himself, and injure his health by continual study ; a fear which turned out to be only too well-founded. 'You will have time enough, now,' said I to him, one night, 'to turn over your favorite books, for you are not to leave me again until you get your new situation ;' and then I told him all that M. Dubourg had said. When I had finished, Baptiste smiled, and he soon after quietly retired to rest.

'A week had passed — it is going on four years ago, now — when I thought I saw trouble on his mind. Oh ! I had foreseen this, when he persisted in working, working at his books, in spite of me. He gave them up now, though ; but it was too late. At times, he used to talk wildly, muttering to himself words that I could not understand ; and sometimes he laughed, and sometimes he cried, spontaneously, as I may say, and without motive. He seemed happiest when alone, talking all the while to the trees, and the flowers, and the birds, as if they understood him ; and, what is strangest of all, so strange that I would hardly dare tell it to you, if you were not here to see for yourself, the birds *do* seem to understand him ; for they let him catch and handle them as no body else ever could. May not the bountiful Providence, Sir, who has gifted them with instinct to avoid their enemies, have also taught them to recognize and love one who loves *them*, and protects them from injury ?'

I was much moved at the good dame's recital ; and so would you have been, too, if you had but heard her tell it in her sad and simple manner. But my musings upon it brought no satisfactory result ; and so I neither attempted to console her, nor to tell her what I thought of the matter.

After a short silence, she resumed : 'I fear I have tired you with my long story : pray, now, tell me how we can be of use to you.'

'In nothing, madame, farther than showing me the road that leads through the forest to the house of M. Dubourg.'

'You could not have fallen into better hands for that, Sir, for we are close by the path ; although, indeed, it is no easy matter to find it. Baptiste will guide you thither. Not a day passes that he does not go as far as the Open of the Ain, although not beyond a certain spot there, which I have forbidden him to pass. Pray be careful not to mention the name of M. Dubourg to him, for any thing that recalls his sojourn at the house of his benefactor seems to me to disturb the mind of my poor boy.'

'What token of gratitude can I offer you for your kindness ?' asked I.

'Ah ! Sir !' replied she, smiling, 'you will hurt me, if you talk of that. So far from having need of any thing, we are fortunate enough to be able to assist the poor wanderers who sometimes find their way to our cottage, when straying through the forest.'

Then she clapped her hands twice, at which signal the troop of little birds that I had seen on my arrival, came crowding and fluttering back into the room, chirping and twittering in full chorus.

'Ah ! naughty ones,' said the dame, 'what a hurry you are in ! But you must wait a while : your seeds are not picked yet, and your troughs

have to be cleaned ;' and she clapped her hands a third time, upon which Baptiste entered.

'My poor child !—is he not handsome, Sir? Go, Baptiste, put on your red plush leggings and your Polish cap with the golden tassel, and guide this gentleman to the Open, where you will wait for his return. I need not tell you not to go any farther with him.'

I looked with some interest at Baptiste, to see what effect these last words had upon him, for I suspected that I had discovered the mystery of his life in the narrative which his mother had related to me ; but there was nothing in his expression to indicate the working of his feelings. So he put on his smart Polish cap and red gaiters, and, having kissed his mother, he walked away before me, whistling, the birds of the wood-side following him as he went along, and chirping and fluttering about him ; so that I could easily imagine that nothing but my presence prevented them from perching on his shoulders and gold-tasselled cap.

In about half an hour, we approached the huts of the faggot-makers, from which out ran a host of children, crying : 'There goes Red-gaiters, going a-bird-hunting without nets. Success, Bap. ! bring us back some birds, won't you?—a big, blue-winged jay, with moustaches, or a black-and-yellow daddy oriole, or one of those rogues of wood-peckers that spoil the trees with boring holes in them !'

'No !' replied Baptiste, 'you'll get no more of *my* birds, I promise you ! I wish I had never given you any of them. What do you want with them, but to cage them up, and cut their wings, and make slaves of them? You'll get no more birds from me. The spirit of God is in the free, flying bird, not in the cruel boy that cages him and plucks him—yes, and kills and eats him, as you have done with some of mine ! The little birds of the air are my brothers. *You* are our enemies !'

And poor Baptiste went on his way, followed by shouts of laughter from the rude young foresters, which vexed me so that I had half a mind to rush in among the urchins, and thrash them soundly. When the Open of the Ain broke upon our view, Baptiste stopped suddenly, as if a bar had been placed across the path. Then he turned back toward the wood-side, calling to the birds which followed him :

'Here, pets ! here ! Come to me, Rosette ! come to me, Finette ! Where are your sisters ?—the owl has n't eaten them up, has he ? There !' said he, throwing down his cap upon the grassy bank, 'nestle there, my little ones, and fear not men, nor bird-catchers, nor snakes ; for I will watch over you, like a mother over her children.'

Curious to see the effects of Baptiste's words upon his little companions, I approached the cap on tip-toe, and saw that several of the birds had actually hopped into it, and were nestling and chirping there, and pluming their little wings, as confidently as they could have done in the tallest tree-top in the forest. Fearful of disturbing them, I stepped softly back, and said to my guide :

'I hope to find you here, Baptiste, on my return ; but, if any thing should prevent our meeting again, I should regret having parted from you without having left you some token of my regard. Accept this

silver watch, then, as a remembrance of me; or, if you like it better, this double gold napoleon, with which you can buy something more to your taste.'

'A watch!' exclaimed Baptiste, grasping my hand, and looking earnestly at me, 'what should I do with a watch? the sun is watch enough for *me*! And gold!—my mother has enough of that for both of us, and my birds want it not.'

'Is there nothing, then, that you will accept from me, Baptiste, as a *souvenir* of my friendship?'

'Nothing; unless, indeed, you could give me a knife!' and his eyes gleamed with a peculiar light, as he fixed them upon me.

My blood ran cold at the suggestion. 'A knife, Baptiste!' said I, 'Heaven forbid that I should give you a knife! My good old nurse has told me, a hundred times, that such a gift severs friendship. Beside, what should people like us, my friend, carry knives for? Leave that to butchers; knives for cut-throats and assassins! *I* never carry them!'

At this, Baptiste went and seated himself by his cap-full of birds, and I had turned to take a last look at him before pursuing my route, when I heard my name shouted out by some of a group of horsemen who were following the same direction.

'Hallo, Max!' cried one; 'Max sentimentalizing on the banks of the blue Ain! Who should have thought of meeting *you* here, jolly comrade of other days? But you must put your best foot foremost, if you are bound for the wedding-feast of fair Rosalie Dubourg; for it is already high noon, and we shall be hard set to get there, ourselves, in time to witness the marriage-ceremony.'

I did not reply, so fearful was I of the effect of this ill-timed announcement upon Baptiste. He looked toward the stranger, for a moment, with the same wild gleam in his eyes as when he had asked me for a knife. It was but for a moment, however; and he turned to his birds, again, and talked to them smilingly, as before. I waved a farewell to him, as he lay there upon the green turf, and then I joined my friends in the cavalcade, and went thoughtfully along with them, on our way to the wedding.

It was like all other weddings I have ever been at; gay and sad, sparkling and sorrowful. The bride-groom superficially jocular, as men always are, on the eve of being 'turned off.' The bride beautiful and sad; more beautiful, even, than my 'prophetic soul' had painted her, and sadder still than brides are bound to be on these joyous occasions. It was a kind of retrospective sadness; a recurrence to the past. It jumped with my humor, and I enjoyed it amazingly. I was delighted with the bride-groom, too; a most eligible young man, the pattern of what a *gendre de convenance* ought to be: healthy, and wealthy, and noisy, and not over-wise. Altogether, it was a very successful affair; but I stole away from the revel as soon as I could do so without being observed, and hastened to rejoin my friend Baptiste on the borders of the forest.

When I arrived at the spot where the limpid Ain opens upon the view, I was surprised at seeing it covered with a little fleet of fishing-boats,

which I had not remarked there in the morning: perhaps they were market-boats, freighted with provisions for the festivities at the château. They were all making for the shore, and, as each boat reached it, the boatmen landed hurriedly, and grouped themselves around some object lying upon the bank.

'It's he,' I heard an ancient fisherman say, as I approached; 'I know his red leggings: it's good-wife Montauban's crazy son, who has got drowned a-hunting of the swallows; made a hole in the water without thinking of it, poor fellow!—if he didn't do it a purpose, which heaven forbid! Poor Bap! honest Bap! he never'll ask me for a loan of my jack-knife again!'

'He may not yet be dead!' cried I, making my way through the crowd grouped around the body; 'there may be a spark of life remaining!'

'Dead enough, master,' said another fisherman, 'dead enough. Some of our young folk saw a man jump into the river, just as the gentlemen on horseback rode out of the wood on their way to M. Dubourg's, seven good hours ago. We have been searching for him ever since, and have only just found him. Seven hours in the water!—dead enough!'

'Hooray!' shouted a handsome urchin of ten years, as he scampered off toward the wood, 'Hooray! I know where he left his cap, and it's as full as it can cram of young green-finches!'

The little white house of the wood is gone. On the spot where it stood, there has risen up a large house, very full of people, and very noisy. There are no birds in that part of the forest now; for the large house is a school, built there by Rosalie Dubourg's husband: a school, I believe, on some novel principle, some mutual self-instruction crotchet, by which little boys and girls are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. This is good. Let us hope that they do not also take lessons in envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

M I N E R ' S S O N G .

A GOLDEN life is this life of mine,
Digging for dust where the gold-grains shine!
Delving deep with the pick and spade,
Where the hidden wealth of a world is laid,
And has slept for ages, in dark vaults locked,
Since earthquakes the mountain-cradles rocked!

Fools prize virtue higher than gold:
Both alike are bartered and sold:
Souls are bought by the finest dust:
Purest gold is the surest trust:
Brighter far in its dazzling dyes,
Than soul-lit glance of a maiden's eyes!

Lulled to sleep by the golden streams,
Nightly I revel in golden dreams:
PLUTUS binds me with burnished chains;
Fills my pockets with precious grains;
Till a 'trade' is made, and my soul is sold
To a yellow demon, with horns of gold!

Feather-River, (Cal.)

J. SWETT.

T O N A P O L E O N T H E F I R S T .

CONQUEROR! in thy narrow grave,
Dost thou know where thou art laid?
Now no more the ocean-wave
Surges round an island-bed.
In imperial pomp arrayed,
Thou art sleeping with the dead,
Beneath a temple grand,
In thy chosen land.

Art silent yet? The arméd men
Who walk before thee, to and fro,
On Italy looked down with thee,
From Alpine snow.
The men who fought at Rivoli,
To-day are guarding thee.

Art silent yet? The Bourbon race
Has vanished from the land:
The House of Orleans holds no more
The sceptre in its hand.
When all were gone,
It was the People's reign:
The old Republic rose in France,
And armed the world again.

No sound? A soldier of thy blood,
An exile from the land,
Became the great Republic's chief,
By popular command.
Thy name it was that worked a spell
So like a miracle.

Still mute? The Chambers were dissolved
By bands of arméd men;
And in imperial France, thy name
Is *Emperor* again!
Hark! do I hear
The stir of martial weapons near?

Art silent yet? The blaze of war
Is kindling far and near;
The wintry snows of Russia gleam
With sword and martial spear!
Again thy banners in the field
Of Muscovy will fly;
Again will Moscow's gilded domes
Flame upward to the sky!

England, thy ancient foe, is up:
Her armies join with thine!
Thou wouldst have thought thy cup as soon
Had filled with blood and wine!
The builders of thine Island-grave
Are allied with thy people brave!
The marble dome
Scarce keeps thee in thy latest home.

The world is all in arms:
 Rest thou in peace!
 The seeds thy busy hand has sown,
 The harvest shall increase.

Before the struggle ends,
 Shall Austria be free,
 And Polish lances make amends
 For by-gone tyranny!
 Once more the men of modern Rome
 From exile shall return,
 And on the hill-tops of the Rhine
 The lights of FREEDOM burn:
 At last, the People, in their might,
 Shall win, or perish in the fight! —
 No whispered breath?
 Thy lips, indeed, are sealed in death.

SIGMA.

LETTERS FROM POPLAR-HILL.

LETTER FIFTH.

Poplar-Hill, September, 18—.

DEAR EMILY: I have missed you very much, the last four weeks. Since you left Beverley, I have been there only twice. Two Sabbaths it rained so that I did not go out to church; but last Sunday, I remained after morning-service, and took dinner at the parsonage. I taught your Sabbath-school class in the afternoon. Harold brought me home in the evening; he is very kind to me, and I like to talk with him. I have learned so well to appreciate a brother's love, that I am sometimes inclined to envy you. Yet, have not I a brother, a brave, fond, loving brother? Would that I might lift the veil of the future, and gaze into the dear boy's face, or 'rather feel than see' that *one* heart beats for me! I am so weak, so incapable of withstanding the continual strifes and crosses of my daily life. I sometimes think if Henry were only here, to aid me by his advice, or support me with his sympathy, I could brave them all.

Mother's friends left us two weeks ago; and although they were not congenial to me, I have sadly missed the occupation their society afforded. When there was no company here, I was with Helen constantly. She seemed to be interested in my pursuits: we worked, read, and walked together; and her conversation, when we were alone, was unaffected. But I wearied of her after a time. She has no natural enthusiasm of character; no gushing, girlish feelings; her smiles are all 'hollow, forged smiles,' her expressions 'ceremonious compliments of phrase.' Mother praised her continually. Her comparisons between us were none the less odious because they were unjust.

Helen treated Harold with more deference than any other visitor at the house. At one time I feared *his* feelings were interested; but now that she is gone, and he is here as often as before, I cannot believe it. He tells me that Poplar-Hill, from associations of the past, is still very

dear to him, and although the subject is studiously avoided in our discourse, there is much untold interest in his countenance and manner. I can see him from my window as he comes from Beverley, stopping below the nut-woods, and looking toward Poplar-Hill. The old place looks grandly from that point. The terraced garden, the arbors and shrubbery, the sloping lawn, the avenue of poplars, and the old house, like a mighty bird lighted on the hill's brow. Old Stephen told me, the other day, that the road to Beverley was a favorite ride with my grand-father. From there he first beheld the effect of any new improvement on the farm. But Stephen says the place is sadly altered since then. He points out the fields as far as the eye can reach, and tells me that years ago they waved with golden grain, that yearly swelled the coffers at Poplar-Hill. This and that bit of wood-land, nestled lovingly against swelling hills, had gone, one by one: debts must be paid: ah! it was well the grass was green on the old gentleman's grave ere this had happened. Sparrow-Bush, which was built for Stephen when he first became gardener at 'the Hill,' is sadly out of repair, and looks altogether neglected and forlorn. Poor old man! he will not complain, but I know only too well how the wind, last winter, must have whistled around his ears. He says it is no matter, now; soon nothing can chill him resting in Abraham's bosom. I go often to see him and to make him comfortable; for he fails rapidly. His voice is still firm, and his mind undimmed. He loves to talk of the Ellicotts and of the days that were, and I dearly love to listen. He talks of heaven, too, and longs so earnestly for its rest.

Mother seems to object to my visits at Sparrow-Bush; not openly, but by various inuendoes that are more irritating. One evening I was detained later than usual after tea, and when I met her, on my way down the avenue, she stopped and asked where I was going.

'To carry something to old Stephen,' I answered.

'What is there so attractive at Sparrow-Bush?' she asked. 'It is strange you have a taste for such low, illiterate people!'

An angry taunt rose to my lips, but I checked it in time and walked on. I did not recover my equanimity until I reached Sparrow-Bush. Stephen was very feeble, and I soon found I could add much to his comfort. I placed his pillows more comfortably, and had just seated myself with the Bible on my knees, when a horse's step, familiar to us both, stopped at the gate, and the next moment Harold appeared at the open door. What mother had said, instantly recurred to me. This, then, was the attraction at Sparrow-Bush! We had met there before, and it was natural we should meet again. Yet I solemnly declare I had never thought of it. What could I say if mother questioned me? Her impressions I read intuitively. I had sought an interview with Harold beyond the restraints of home! Anger and mortification overcame me at the thought. I hated myself and the being who suggested it. The first words from Harold soothed me. 'I am glad to find you here, Bertha!' he said. He talked long and earnestly with the sick man, and in listening, I forgot my annoyance. That night, I read a new phase in Harold's character. He lacked not interest in every expression of the patient, 'nor did the tale of suffering to his fraternal

sympathy addressed, obtain reluctant hearing.' He ministered to him with the tenderness of a woman: his manner was gentle, his voice subdued. After a while, he read from the Bible, and then he prayed. I shall never forget that prayer. He seemed to have felt all the needs that I feel: while I listened, I was on the confines of heaven, and when I rose from my knees, it was with an undefined hope that that house of death might be one of life to me.

Harold left his horse, and walked with me to Poplar-Hill. When I reached home, my thoughts flowed in an entirely different channel; the transient effect of that prayer was totally obliterated. Our conversation had been pleasing, but I was very unhappy. I could not leave him, and I dared not stay. Every chord in my heart seemed drawn toward some human being; proximity drew me to him. I longed to tell him all, but pride forbade. I opened the gate and went in. He hurriedly wished me good-night, and left me. It was quite dark when I entered the house. I met mother as I was going up-stairs.

'Bertha, you surely did not come home alone?' were her first words.

'No!' I answered, 'Mr. Monteath came with me.'

'Ah! you go there to meet *him*, do you?' she said, and left me.

I hurried to my room, closed the door, sat down. Pride, anger, mortification, despair, alternately swayed me. How long must I endure these things? Was there no means of escape? My aunt Mary's bequest recurred to me; but my father, could I leave him? Oh! no! this thought subdued me, this duty inspired my future. I rose more cheerfully and prepared for the night.

Judge Howard was here last Wednesday; he called and accepted mother's invitation to dinner. We had not spoken since our encounter in the garden-arbor. I entered the parlor a moment after mother had gone to order dinner, and conquered my aversion sufficiently to converse with him. I found him very entertaining, and was flattered by the attention with which he listened to me. Yet I was not thoroughly at ease. It was natural to suspect one who seemed so entirely my mother's friend, and one, I believe, who approved her conduct. Mother came to summon us to the table, interrupting Judge Wilson in a graphic description of the city of Quebec, to which I was listening with evident pleasure. A glance of fiery indignation arrested me as I rose with the rest; my soul recoiled within itself; my delight seemed a mockery, it passed and left so acute a sting. Sadly I followed to the dining-room. Mother engaged the Judge in conversation; but, on entering, she left him, to pass to her place. He noticed me as he drew near the table, and turning with a deferential obeisance, begged pardon for his rudeness, entreating the privilege of placing a chair for me. As he spoke, he drew aside the chair that had been designed for himself, and placed *me* in the seat of honor! I was overcome with mortification. I gazed wildly around in search of some place of refuge. None blessed my vision. On my right sat my mother, in unspeakable chagrin, and on my left, Judge Howard, demanding my attention to a renewal of his tale. I could listen no longer: the charm of novelty had departed; and with a beating heart and down-cast eyes I concluded the meal. I

was flattered with Judge Howard's kindness, yet would willingly relinquish all evidences of friendship or politeness, if they might only be obtained at such a price. This little circumstance rankled in mother's mind for days; she made it the occasion of insinuations most difficult to endure. Its effect upon me has not, I fear, been salutary. There is nothing more injurious to a sensitive mind than to restrain every gushing emotion, every warm sensibility. Lamartine truly says: 'All thoughts that we do not share, in time turn to sadness.' Ah! to the young heart, what a fearful foreboding of life's bitterness!

To-day I found Margaret in tears; the tokens of deep grief flowing from her ever-cheerful eyes. After much persuasion, I learned that mother had denied her an indulgence granted Elsie, and that this was frequently the case. This new tale of sorrow elicited the recital of many similar instances, trifling in themselves, yet calculated to crush the light-heartedness of childhood. I see my duty, now, clearly: if I can but brighten the life of this dear child, my endeavors will be well repaid. I told her how unhappy I often am, and was surprised how readily she understood and sympathized. My mind was determined, and my plans put in execution. I asked father if Maggie could occupy my room with me; and, receiving a ready assent, we moved her clothing and books to my apartment. I regard her in a new light. She will be a loving sister to me, and I will strive to fill for her a mother's long-desolate place. Many conversations have revealed to me the beautiful innocence of her character. Fair Margaret! in purity and transparency of principle, thou art indeed a pearl!

To-morrow we shall spend the day with Agnes, who leaves Kilvale the last of the week. She will go to Saratoga, and then to her home in New-York. I am willing to part with her, hoping the change may do her good.

I shall endeavor to write to you soon again: meanwhile, think often of your own

BERTHA ELLICOTT.

THE AMERICAN OAK.

The oak of the forest: a glorious tree!
It planteth itself in the land of the free.
A sapling, it giveth a branch to the deer;
To ploughman, a plough; and to hunter, a spear.
It spreads a broad arm o'er the emigrant's home;
It elbows the sea into angry foam;
It turns to a harp, when the winter-wind strays;
It sings in the mill when the water-fall plays:
While the heart beats, our home it holds fast:
When that heart stops, 't is our coffin at last!
The oak,
The strong oak of the forest!

Where our flag, like a sea-eagle, bathes i' th' sun;
Where cordage holds fast, as though giants had spun;
There COMMERCE a broad oaken platform has laid:
There freedom commenced, there our heroes were made:
There HULL gave the old British Lion the slip:
There LAWRENCE cried out, '*Never give up the ship!*'
While on an oak-plank his life-blood fell fast:
And when that heart stopped, 't was his coffin at last!
The oak,
The strong oak of the forest!

CHARLES EDWARDS.

T H E B E G G A R - B O Y .

‘Only a simple beggar-boy.’ — WORDSWORTH.

I.

HE was ushered to life in a comfortless cot,
That rose by the way-side, unsought and forgot:
It was not a glad home that, though humble, was dear;
It boasted no marks that affection can rear:
No curtain of vines, with its wealth of perfume,
Drooping over the lattice, and smiling in bloom;
No hearth of content, with its magical light,
Glowing softly on faces so happy and bright;
No hand aiding hand in a loving employ,
To receive and caress him, the poor Beggar-Boy.

II.

It was cold, it was cheerless — deserted and still,
With the breeze wailing round it, so mournful and chill;
Bending low the dank heads of the weeds growing tall
In noxious profusion, against the dark wall:
And stealing through crevices, marking with death
The brow of the mother, and chilling her breath.
No father bent over — that father was dead!
No greeting was spoken — no welcome was said;
No heart felt a pleasure, or thrilled with a joy,
Or throbbed with a fondness for the poor Beggar-Boy.

III.

With life's failing strength was the infant caressed,
And warmed on the bosom it helplessly pressed:
The mother's pale lips breathed a prayer and a sigh;
She asked not to live, and she feared not to die:
Her steps had not wandered from virtue and truth,
And she cared not to live, though she died in her youth.
Her prayer was a mother's, and breathed from a soul
That was bursting the fetters of earthly control:
Her sigh was a mother's, that little of joy
Was he born to inherit — her poor Beggar-Boy!

IV.

Years passed, and he wandered — the motherless child:
No arm had befriended, no fortune had smiled:
But the mother had watched him — had bent from her joy,
To gladden the dreams of her heart-weary boy.
He slept: like a halo, the pale flaxen hair
Floated back from a forehead unclouded and fair;
The lashes drooped softly o'er eyes that were blue
As the glad sunny heavens they rived in hue:
No sorrow might reach him, nor evil destroy;
For DEATH had caressed him — the poor Beggar-Boy!

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
THE FUDGE FAMILY

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINTH.

B I V I N S V E R S U S B L I M M E R .

A BAD conscience will make a man that bears it cruel to the beast that bears him.

EVEN an honest dog will go out of his way for a good piece of meat.

OLD PROVERBS.

MR. BLIMMER does not feel altogether easy in his mind. At his last encounter, at a street-crossing, with JEMIMA, that young lady frowned upon him sharply. But it is not the frown that disturbs Mr. BLIMMER.

He has awkward recollections of a certain stout gentleman, carrying his arm in a sling, who was lost from the deck of a steamer, a great many months ago. To be sure, the court has declared that this old gentleman, and some fifty others, were burnt, or drowned, or crushed, quite accidentally; and that neither captain, or engineers, or company, are at all to be blamed for it.

MR. BLIMMER is therefore not disturbed upon that score; nor, indeed, is any one else at present. People, (except those who wear deep mourning still, or who walk by twilight beside the tombs where rest the bodies of their drowned husbands, or sons,) think it all well enough; they have forgotten their sudden and eloquent indignation; the captain and engineers, for whom no names were too harsh, once, are driving their several trades: and that influential journal, which insisted 'that an example should be made, by severe punishment,' now enters such paragraphs as this: 'We understand that the popular and gentlemanly Captain —, late of the Eclipse, has taken charge of the new and elegant steamer Empire. We need not say that every attention will be paid to the comfort of his passengers, and we insure them a quick run.'

Public indignation is very *smart* in the beginning; but very mild in the end. The prosecution of murderous captains ends like the Washington Monuments, and the Cooper Statue.

It may well be, however, that Mr. BLIMMER has a twinge of conscience, as he thinks of the important trust which the old gentleman, Mr. BODGERS, placed in his keeping; and, possibly, an additional twinge as his thought ran to the pretty face of the young girl, who, but for him, might have been rich. But straightway this twinge passes off, when he recalls the absolute and pointed manner in which Miss KIRTY had refused to become Mrs. BLIMMER.

It does *not* dispose to the exercise of amiable qualities, to receive such rebuff from a woman; least of all, when the rebuff is deserved, and

when the approaches have been made under some false cover. A man is never so out of humor, as when he is out of humor with himself; and there is no such guard to temper, even in adversity, as the consciousness of an honest purpose.

The thought of KITTY, then, did not relieve the uneasiness of Mr. BLIMMER: moreover, Blimmersville was not making such advances toward a city, as the proprietor could have desired. Numerous lots of land had indeed passed into the QUID name, under mortgage to BLIMMER. But the advances were not large; and the residences, which the QUID family had proposed to erect on the property, were still very much in the condition of the Washington Monument, referred to above.

Mr. BLIMMER, in his enterprising way, determined to drive over to Newtown, and investigate matters. He had not, indeed, any very clear idea of what he was to accomplish. Still, he was uneasy; uneasy about the BODGERS will; uneasy about his private copy; uneasy about the QUID claims; uneasy about the Blimmersville payments. He was one of those men who work off uneasiness by restless activity.

He drove rapidly to Newtown. His horse received a great many vigorous cuts which the poor beast never deserved. Mr. BLIMMER was pleased with the appearance of Newtown. It seemed to possess capabilities. He inquired the price of lots. He was struck particularly with the BODGERS property. 'A nice property,' he thought; and he emphasized that impression with a forcible cut upon his horse's flank.

'Squire BIVINS had been the agent and legal adviser of Mr. BODGERS. Mr. BLIMMER determined to call upon 'Squire BIVINS. Miss MEHITABEL, hiding a portion of her nose behind two large bunches of lilac-blossoms, directed Mr. BLIMMER to the 'Squire's office. He was, as usual, sitting over the crusted ashes of his stove, in his leathern-backed chair. He welcomed the new-comer in his accustomed amiable manner; plaiting his wig behind, giving his lower garments a hitch toward the boots, and placing a short twist of Virginia-leaf upon the table, in token of good-feeling.

'I am Mr. BLIMMER, of Blimmersville, office, corner of Broadway and Broome-street,' said the visitor.

'Your most obedient, Sir,' said BIVINS, hitching a chair in his direction.

'Nice village here, 'Squire.'

'Well, pretty fair.'

'Much sale of property?' pursued BLIMMER.

'Considerable,' said the 'Squire; observing his usual caution.

'Valuable estate, which old Mr. BODGERS left, was n't it, 'Squire?'

'Tolerable,' returned Mr. BIVINS, eyeing very closely his visitor; and recalling now, for the first time, the name of BLIMMER, as that of a fellow-passenger with his unfortunate townsman. He ventured to mention the circumstance; and thereupon received from Mr. BLIMMER that gentleman's accustomed rapid narrative of that catastrophe, of his own humane efforts, especially in behalf of that unfortunate old gentleman, Mr. BODGERS.

Mr. BIVINS' interest was keenly excited — in the visit.

'I think that you are an administrator on his estate?' said Mr. BLIMMER.

‘I am.’

‘And what do you think of the claim brought forward by Mr. QUID, ‘Squire?’

‘If you ask,’ said BIVINS, impressively, ‘my *legal* opinion’ —

There was a pause, in the midst of which, Mr. BLIMMER drew from his pocket a small note, and slipped it upon the table of the administrator. The administrator, placing the tobacco-twist upon it, in such way as to expose plainly its denomination, proceeded :

‘If you ask my legal opinion, it is, that the above claim is very forcible.’

‘Oh!’ said BLIMMER.

‘Very forcible, indeed,’ pursued BIVINS; ‘so much so, that we have advised our clients to make terms with the claimants, and the estate is now under settlement, subject to those terms only.’

‘It’s very strange,’ said BLIMMER, ‘that the old gentleman made no will.’

‘Very,’ said BIVINS, eyeing him sharply.

‘Do you think he *did* make no will?’ asked BLIMMER.

‘I think he did.’

‘You think he did?’

‘Exactly,’ said BIVINS.

‘You think he did make no will?’ repeated Mr. BLIMMER, somewhat doubtfully.

‘I think he *did* make a will,’ said BIVINS, wrenching emphatically a small piece from the end of his Virginia-twist.

‘Oh!’ said BLIMMER; ‘and it was in favor of — Mr. FUDGE, perhaps; SOLOMON?’

Mr. BIVINS eyed his visitor in a very droll manner, and replied, in a quite unsatisfactory tone of voice, ‘*Perhaps* so, Mr. BLIMMER.’

‘I’ll tell you what, BIVINS,’ said the proprietor of Blimmersville, drawing up his chair, and patting his host in a familiar manner upon the knee, ‘we may as well come to business at once. The long and short of the matter is this: QUID has bought rather largely in my lots at Blimmersville; and his pay depends very much upon his holding possession of the BODGERS property. Now I want to know’ (and the man of business placed a note of much larger amount than the first upon the ‘Squire’s table,) ‘what are the chances of his being ousted, and what ground there is for believing that, by-and-by, some other party will trump up a will?’

‘That’s what I call to the p’int,’ said BIVINS, regaling himself with a view of the pleasant-looking bank-note; and thereupon, he related to the attentive Mr. BLIMMER all that he knew of the claim of Mr. QUID, and of the will in favor of Miss FLEMING, which he had himself drawn up in behalf of the late Mr. BODGERS; which will, however, to the best of his knowledge, had never been signed. He farther stated, that he had already communicated these facts to Mr. QUID himself.

‘You know the will was not signed?’ said Mr. BLIMMER, inquiringly.

‘I *think* it was never signed,’ returned Mr. BIVINS.

‘Mr. BODGERS was in the habit of doing such business at your office, I believe, Mr. BIVINS?’ said the Blimmersville proprietor.

Mr. BIVINS assented.

'And had you no clerk, no assistant, 'Squire, who might possibly have executed the will for Mr. BODGERS, in your absence?'

'I did have HARRY FLINT in my office about that time,' said BIVINS, 'to be sure; but the old gentleman would hardly have arranged such a matter with HARRY.'

'And was HARRY a young man likely to be interested in favor of Miss FLEMING, 'Squire?' continued BLIMMER.

'Well, I did think HARRY was one time tender upon KITTY; but he went off suddenly to California; likely enough, KITTY gave him the mitten.'

'Oh!' said BLIMMER; and the proprietor did certainly manifest signs of embarrassment; which were not lost upon the administrator.

Mr. BLIMMER has thus gained all the information that he desired judging from his own state of feeling, he does not think that Mr. HARRY FLINT will come back from California to interest himself in behalf of Miss KITTY. He feels therefore comparatively safe on that score. But as he drives back to town, he revolves a pleasant scheme for quickening the payments of Mr. QUID. It strikes him as a highly-ingenuous scheme; and no sooner does he reach the office of the Blimmersville property, than he puts it in effect.

He addresses a note to Mr. QUID in this manner:

'Mr. BLIMMER's compliments to Mr. QUID, and begs to advise him that the instalments now due on lots Numbers seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, etc., in the town of Blimmersville, are still unpaid; he also begs to advise Mr. QUID, (hoping he will not take offence,) of his (BLIMMER's) natural reluctance to place in the hands of so entire a stranger the *original* document intrusted to him by a certain deceased party; he believes, however, that the writing which he had the honor to place in Mr. QUID's hands, was a true copy of the same; and, in the event of pending negotiations being happily matured, he (BLIMMER) would have no objection to add to it the original instrument:

'Office of the Town of Blimmersville, Broadway.

'N. B. Mr. BLIMMER takes the liberty of reminding Mr. QUID, in case he should have inadvertently mislaid the writing previously handed to him, that *another copy* could be prepared without delay.'

'There's a *quid* for him,' said BLIMMER; and he put his pen back in the stand, with a chuckle which meant plainly: 'Well done, Mr. BLIMMER!'

Mr. BIVINS, too, sitting over his crusted ashes, and plaiting his wig consequentially, reflected long upon his interview with the proprietor of Blimmersville; and putting his various queries together, he thought within himself: 'BLIMMER is a man to be watched!'

And 'Squire BIVINS, under those silver-bowed spectacles, wears a very keen pair of eyes.

CHAPTER THIRTY.

IN WHICH WASH. FUDGE RUNS EXTREME DANGER.

'He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it; and whose breaketh an hedge, a serpent shall bite him.'

ECCLESIASTES x. 8.

I LEFT my cousin WASH. in an embarrassing position. It certainly can be no agreeable thing for a young man of even stronger nerve than

my cousin WASH. to be discovered in furtive travel with the wife of another individual. And surely, such discovery must be particularly disagreeable, when, as in the present instance, the aggrieved party is an expert swordsman, and an ardent lover of pistol-practice.

By what means Colonel DUPRÉ had informed himself of the movements of the parties, and stolen a march upon the Countess and her benevolent companion, it is not necessary here to state. The Colonel had been grossly offended; his manner gave evidence of this. He was calm, however; and having coolly turned the key in the door-lock, he drew a pistol from a side-pocket, and directing it toward Master FUDGE, urged him to make such confessions as he had to make, at *once*.

The Countess in terror rushed before her husband; and WASHINGTON, growing pale, drew toward the bell-rope. The Countess observed this movement, and in the midst of her distress, retained her usual prudence. She entreated him not to alarm the house; her character and his own were at stake. She implored the Colonel to forbear his rage, and to listen to reason.

The Colonel, however, so far from abating his indignation, only multiplied his imprecations, and swore he would have the blood of his betrayer before he left the room.

WASHINGTON seemed not disposed to increase the indignation of the injured man by any bravado, or indeed by remarks of any kind. His hopes all lay in the judicious management of the Countess.

'Villain,' said the Colonel, in a voice of thunder, 'what have you to say for yourself?'

I am sorry to report that WASH. received the inquiry with more meekness, than was altogether becoming under the circumstances. He intimated that the Countess would explain.

'Oh! ho!' said the Colonel, very distrustfully, 'it is the Countess, is it; a pretty story she will tell! Well, madame,' (addressing the unfortunate lady, just now recovering from a short fit of hysterics) 'what, pray, have you to say, why I should not put a bullet through the heart of this precious young villain, or hand him over to the police?'

'Ah! rash man!' said the afflicted Countess, 'wretched, unhappy woman that I am!' and yielded again to her agonized feelings.

'So,' said the Colonel, 'is this all?' and he directed his pistol again very deliberately at the trembling WASH.

'For God's sake, madame,' said WASH. 'do tell the Colonel how it all happened; and that I never had a thought of——'

'Ah!' interrupted the Colonel, with a frightful leer at his victim, 'you may stop! A pleasant little trip you had marked out for yourselves; something wider than a turn in the *Bois de Boulogne*! How is it, *Madame la Comtesse*?'

The Countess had recovered sufficiently to begin her story. She related how, by accident, she had discovered her kinship with the family of Mr. FUDGE.

'*Parbleu!*' said the Colonel; but in a way expressing considerable suspicion.

The Countess went on to mention the hopes that had been raised of recovering some portion of the estates of her maternal ancestry. She

suggested that the assistance of WASHINGTON, which had been most generously offered to her, would be essential in a strange country. She had feared the impetuosity, and warmth of the Colonel's temperament; and had rashly undertaken the journey without his knowledge or consent. She did hope that he would forgive such a lapse from duty, and yield to a short separation, from which so much was to be hoped.

'Very good, madame,' said the Colonel, '*elle est très belle, l'histoire que vous me contez là*, but did it ever occur to your precious cousin to leave some guarantee with your family on this side the water, that he was acting in good faith, and was not throwing the foulest suspicion of dishonor upon a nearer member of your family, madame, who has the honor to call himself, *par exemple, le Colonel DUPRÉ ? Parbleu !*'

The mention of a guarantee encouraged WASH.; he recalled a previous escape from very embarrassing circumstances; hope might lie open for him now, in the same direction. It is true his funds were at the lowest ebb; and SOLOMON had positively refused to pay any further drafts upon him. But the present was a case of life and death; even if he escaped the personal anger of the Colonel, the best he could hope for was a French prison, for an indefinite period of time, except matters were now arranged by the Countess.

He waited with more composure the issue of events. The Colonel played nervously with the lock of his pistol.

'Cruel man!' said the GUERLIN, 'will nothing satisfy you?'

'*Mais oui*,' returned the Colonel, 'it will satisfy me to have a quick shot at the young FUDGE yonder, at twenty paces; after which, *Madame la Comtesse*, we will return to our Paris *menage*.'

WASH. grew alarmed again.

The Countess came to his relief.

'And the estate; was it all to be given up?'

'*Mon Dieu*,' said the Colonel, carelessly; 'is it large?'

'Three hundred thousand francs.'

'*Très bien*;' and your cousin FUDGE thinks it a secure thing?'

WASH. at this stage, did not venture to express any distrust.

'And his assistance will be necessary?'

There could be no doubt of that.

'Very good. Mr. FUDGE will not object then to advance a certain sum to secure against any losses on your part, by so long a voyage; and an additional gage to me personally, that he is acting in good faith, and not with any dishonorable intent. You perceive, madame, that I am reasonable. *Parbleu !*'

The Countess turned to WASH.: '*Cher WASH.*, what is to be done?'

The Colonel clicked the pistol-lock in a rather sportive manner. The Countess and her young cousin consulted together. The Colonel recommended rapid decision. For his own part, he was quite indifferent. He should feel reluctant to inform against Mr. FUDGE for his extraordinary conduct; he should prefer to settle affairs with him *en homme d'honneur*. As for the estate across the water, if in view of the handsome sum to be realized, Mr. FUDGE was disposed to place in his hands twenty thousand francs, he would consent to their leave. *Madame la Comtesse* could refund such advance, upon the settlement of the estate.

WASH. grew pale again ; the GUERLIN exclaimed against the Colonel's extravagant demand. But that gentleman was very cool ; he seated himself by the door, and amused himself as before, with trying the force of his very effective-looking pistol-lock.

There was even a doubt in the mind of WASH. if his Paris banker would cash at present so large a draft.

The Colonel suggested that this was a matter easily determined by inquiry. It was found in fact that the banker, or his agents, did not object. WASHINGTON met the exigency with more dignity than he had met the previous suggestions of Colonel DUPRÉ. Indeed, he drew upon Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE for twenty thousand francs, with a firm hand.

It is not my opinion, however, that it was a transaction upon which he reflected with great pleasure. It did occur to him, that he was doing a wrong to one to whom he was very largely indebted. However, Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE, or Mrs. PHÆBE FUDGE would, he felt sure, prefer an annoyance of this kind, to the intelligence that he was lodged in a French prison-house, or stretched upon the tables of *la morgue*, with a heart riddled by a pistol-shot of Colonel DUPRÉ.

He consoled himself, then, with the reflection that he had chosen the least of the evils which hedged him in ; without observing, (it may be remarked) that he had marched of his own will, and in a very straight line, into the toils which beset him.

It is a very gratifying thing to be 'a man of the world' early ; particularly in such a city as Paris, where the aspirants to the fore-mentioned attainment are very numerous. But it is my opinion, that it costs dear ; not to the pocket only, but to every thing else that a sound-minded man likes to carry about with him.

Paris is, to be sure, a delightful place ; but a man may stay too long there, — more especially, if he has no more definite occupation than to amuse himself. It seems a good spot to refine metal which is tough by nature ; but what is tender, is apt to waste there. The fires in which steel is tempered, would consume a pewter vessel utterly.

A man should think well, before he sends a son in whom he has any high hopes, to the metropolis of Europe. It may accomplish him, to be sure ; and it may prove his damnation ! Most of all is the place dangerous for those who aim merely at a position in the boudoir-talk of the day, and who would peril every manlier faculty for a triumph in those things which will surprise by their license. These, to be sure, will give elegant scandal in our cities, and a day's boast ; but they do not last. A faith in to-morrow, is better than a blaze to-day.

The elegant WASH. FUDGE, and the accomplished Countess DE GUERLIN, sailed together for New-York. The Colonel DUPRÉ waved them an adieu. I am persuaded that he did it in a cordial manner.

‘THY WILL BE DONE.’

WHEN sorrow casts its shades around,
And pleasure seems our course to shun ;
When nought but grief and care are found,
How sweet to say, ‘Thy will be done !’

S P I R I T - C O M P A N I O N S

ABOVE, around, in every nook,
Where nothing seems but viewless air,
Strange faces peer with watchful look,
Strange figures hover near.

At times, when, of a sunny morn,
I lay me on the fragrant grass,
My earthly sight grows dim and weak,
And fain my spirit-glances seek
Through the material screen to pass,
That parts us from the world unborn.

Light feet upon the dew-drops press;
Rose-scented pinions stir the air;
Then in my heart my God I bless,
That His bright angel-guards are near:
And sometimes, to my drooping eye,
They show like sun-beams flashing by.

But, shrinking from the garish light,
Oft sit I in my lonely room,
And through the silent hours of night,
Gaze on the forms my spirit-sight
Discovers in the teeming gloom:
Forms that have hovered by my side,
Seen or unseen, for solemn years:
At times with hope and pleasure bright;
Radiant, at times, with heavenly light;
Oft veiled and dimmed by bitter tears:
Now heeded — now defied.

I see you now, my spirit-friends,
Folding me with your loving arms;
Bending, as a fond mother bends,
To shield her child from frights or harms.
And 'mid the forms that guard me round,
With anxious love and watchful care,
One figure makes it holier ground;
For, MOTHER! thou art there!

But other shapes are crowding near;
Shadows that fill my soul with fear,
Though some are passing fair to see:
Yet other some are fierce and grim —
Monsters from which my soul would flee.
All flit around, these phantoms dim,
Beckoning and drawing nigh to me,
And seek to win mine ear.

They come: I cannot drive away
The out-stretched arm, the luring eye:
They come: my spirit-guards would stay
Their progress, but in vain they try.
Bright angels, fold me with your wings!
My soul with sudden fear is tossed;
My ear with tempting voices rings:
Help! help! or all is lost!

Cleveland, Ohio.

J. H. A. B.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PITT.

BY A. F. PERRY.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

THE measures proposed by Pitt, although frequently resisted by the minority with all possible zeal and ingenuity, were for the most part sustained by a large majority of Parliament, and of the country. The people of England and the majority in Parliament were committed to his fortunes by conviction, by sentiments of personal regard, and by a highly-gratified national pride. Not a few persons of distinguished station followed him with the close ardor of undoubting affection, inspired by his disinterestedness, his genius, and the grandeur of his character. Not a few, wholly uninfluenced by personal associations or contact with the minister, and looking only to the welfare of the nation, observed with awe the signs of approaching convulsion; they found no repose for their hopes in the licentious and immoral private character of his principal competitors, however splendid their talents; and, for public reasons, they grappled themselves to Pitt, as to a life-boat in a tempest upon the ocean. Not a few dexterous trimmers sought their fortunes by binding themselves to one who carried within himself the guarantee of success, and who loved glory with a love so noble and undivided that, while he scattered titles and fortunes with a liberal hand among his friends, he reserved neither title nor fortune for his own enjoyment. All the benefits and emoluments of power he gave away. As for himself, he was William Pitt, the son of Chatham. History would record his actions; glory would attend the mention of that name evermore. Why should it be disguised with titles? What possible private fortune could add to the fortune of standing first in the esteem of his countrymen? What possible endowment was worthy a moment's thought, beyond that happy endowment given him by the KING of kings:

'The applause of listening senates to command,
And read his history in a nation's eyes.'

A few instances have been mentioned, in which measures proposed by him were defeated in a manner that might have shaken the power of another man. But it was not one or a few errors or mistakes that could induce the people of England, or Parliament, or the king, to judge him harshly, or dispense with his services. He was not easily deterred from pursuing his course, whether popular or otherwise; but, once defeated, no one knew better how to rescue himself from a false position, or how more gracefully to advance to occupy public attention with a new one, so fortified as to be impregnable. His popularity was of that overwhelming description which left opposition no foothold and no hope. So that after his first great triumph over Fox and his associates, there was never any serious crisis in his career until the year 1788. Fox had

become so discouraged, that he ceased his attendance upon Parliament, and had sought the gratification of his literary and classical tastes, by travelling and sojourning with his mistress in Italy. But a cloud was discovered upon the prospects of the nation, at first 'scarcely bigger than a man's hand,' which rapidly grew heavy and dark, until it closed in the political horizon, and hung dense and gloomy over the fate of Pitt and of England.

Early in the summer of 1788, the health of the king became feeble, and the operations of his mind irregular. In October, his disease had become aggravated, and the horrible truth could be no longer doubted, that his reason was dethroned. He was insane. The constitution of England, which is nothing more than the habit or customs of England, had placed the chief executive power in a king. He appointed ministers. He commanded the army and the navy. From him emanated all titles of honor; and without him could not any thing be done that was done. If the king died, the constitution had provided who should succeed. If he abdicated, or abused his power, there had been found a mode of replacing him. But here was a king of virtuous habits and patriotic inclinations, endeared to his people by a thousand ties, whose life remained, but whose reason had fled. The only voice having authority to command was now incoherent and unintelligible. The mind which had been charged to preserve order and regulate the movements of empire, was itself in melancholy disorder, and ranged only through a fantastic realm. Of all the calamities with which it has ever pleased the ALMIGHTY to visit the human race, the most appalling is the loss of reason. It is that alone which has power, even for a moment, to unsettle our firm faith in the immortality of the soul. There is not, in all the phenomena of human existence, another fact which makes us in such a spirit of utter dependence and self-abandonment cry out: 'O God! where *now* is that moral responsibility? where *now* that indestructible principle which is in thy likeness, and which is to dwell with the angels?'

This melancholy blow fell upon the king of Great Britain at a time when Europe was rapidly driving toward the great vortex of the French revolution, and when it was a matter of peculiar and imminent necessity that the reins of government should be steadily held. The Prince of Wales, who would be king in case of his father's death, and who alone was likely to be thought of as regent during the king's insanity, was in person and manner the most accomplished gentleman of Europe. But his habits were licentious and reckless: he had long been the centre of opposition to the present ministry, and from his friends emanated lampoons and caricatures, disrespectful to the king's person, and highly offensive to his feelings. The prince was in frequent revel with Fox and Sheridan, and his success would be their success. But for the fact that the prospects of the prince depended upon the preservation of the Brunswick line, there would have been seen many points of resemblance between his character and associations, and his relations to the king, and those of the celebrated and infamous Duke of Orleans of France, and his relations to Louis XVI. The transition from George III. and Pitt, to the Prince of Wales and Fox, at a period of so much apprehension,

was a prospect by no means consolatory to the nation. Fox was suddenly called home, with his mistress, from Italy, and he prepared once more to assume power. Pitt looked about him for help; but, save in his own resources, there was no help to be found. A continuance of the king's insanity would render a regency indispensable, and the accession to power of the prince would drive Pitt from office. Already were his bitterest opponents whetting their beaks for an official repast. Already were they beginning their songs of triumph, and preparing to pronounce with vindictive lips his official obsequies. The only future for him seemed to be in gathering his robes about him, and in preparing to hand over the empire to his adversaries. They, and not he, were the rising luminary toward which to look for the beams of patronage. One only hope remained to Pitt, to the queen, to the nation. The king's recovery was possible, and if it should happen soon, the regency might be unnecessary. Of the two principal physicians in charge, one advised that the king's recovery was extremely improbable; the other, that it might be expected soon. There was a time, indeed, when his death was hourly expected. But Pitt, always inclined to the hopeful aspect of things, pursued a steady course, and was ready for either event. Parliament had been prorogued to meet on the twentieth of November, and there was now no legal authority in existence to hasten or delay its meeting. The session was opened by announcing the king's illness, and by stating that nothing could be done with propriety, until provision should be made for the present melancholy condition of affairs: and Pitt, giving notice that on the fourth of December he should move a call of the House, requested an adjournment to that day, to give time for sending notice to distant members, and to command a full house. The fourth of December arrived: the death of a member caused another adjournment to the eighth. Preparatory to the meeting of Parliament, a privy-council was called to examine the king's physicians, and Pitt had proposed to act upon their report. But it was suggested by the opposition, and among others, by Fox, to be more proper to have the physicians examined by a committee of their own body. On the eighth, Pitt moved a committee of the Commons, consisting of twenty-one, of whom nine were his most prominent opponents, to examine the physicians, and report. Of course, this examination took time; and it was prolonged by cross-examinations on the part of Fox and his friends. They presumed the king's insanity incurable, and their own success to be certain. A few days more or less were of little consequence, provided they could harass the minister, and make him more obnoxious to the prince. Not so thought Pitt. He believed the whole proceeding to be a question of time. If they would give him time, the king would, he thought, recover. He would not factiously seek to delay action, but if they insisted upon playing into his hands, it was not his fault. On the tenth of December, he moved for a committee to examine for precedents. Fox objected that no precedents could be found, and therefore there was nothing to be gained by a committee. He claimed that the prince possessed the legal right to enter upon the regency without waiting to be elected by Parliament. Pitt, knowing that Fox had committed a mistake — that he had put forth a claim wholly unfounded, and

one likely to alarm the country, intrepidly seized and secured his advantage. The claim of Fox was a denial of the right of Parliament to appoint a regent, and virtually a claim to dethrone the king before his death. There was so much the more need of his committee, for a new question had been interposed. It was no longer a question how to proceed, but a question whether they could proceed at all : no longer a question how to exercise their power, but a question whether they had any power to exercise. He obtained his committee, which reported on the twelfth. The report could not be printed and distributed before the fourteenth, and on the fifteenth he was ready to propose action. At the request of Fox, he announced very frankly the outlines of his plan, but declared it necessary to ascertain, in the first place, and declare the rights of Parliament to act in the premises. He was strengthened in this by the imprudent reassertion by Fox and Burke, of the obnoxious claim of the prince's legal right to assume the regency, without being appointed by Parliament. And Sheridan audaciously warned the Commons not to provoke the prince to assert that right which he was willing to waive. All this was playing precisely the part which Pitt would have chosen for them. His first movement was to propose a series of resolutions, stating the fact of the king's illness, and asserting the rights of the two Houses of Parliament to provide for the emergency. These resolutions were discussed in the two Houses until the thirtieth. Here, the prince, influenced by the misrepresentations of Pitt's adversaries, opened a correspondence, complaining that he had not been consulted ; which delayed farther action on the part of Pitt until the fifth of January. On this fifth of January, Pitt was ready to propose his plan for the regency : but here the prince's friends proposed another committee to examine the king's physicians, and ascertain the present state of his health. To this, after objecting to the delay it caused, Pitt, with apparent reluctance, acceded. He could not well do otherwise ; for the proposition had been accompanied with such opprobrious hints and suspicions touching his official conduct in the matter, that it was prudent for him to assist the inquiry. This new committee reported on the tenth ; their report was printed and distributed on the fifteenth ; and on the sixteenth, Pitt proposed his plan for the regency. The discussion in the Commons was prolonged by the prince's friends, and the resolutions were not passed by the House and ready for the Lords, until the twentieth. Two months of the session had thus been consumed. The resolutions occupied the Lords, and were not returned with their approbation until the twenty-sixth. On the twenty-seventh, Pitt moved two committees, to wait respectively on the prince and on the queen, to ascertain whether they would accept the duties assigned them under the conditions proposed. Then he was obliged to wait for the concurrence of the Lords. All these ceremonies, performed no doubt with excellent gravity, produced a favorable response both from the queen and the prince, on the thirty-first. But down to this time, there had been no legal Parliament. The session had not been opened with legal forms, and their action had been, thus far, by resolution only. They had agreed upon a plan, but must now contrive some way to enact that plan into a binding law. It was determined to put the great seal in

commission, so that the Chancellor could open Parliament and perform other necessary acts in the name of the King. This process occupied the time till the third of January. Parliament was then duly opened, and on the fifth, Pitt proposed his Regency-Bill, to carry out the propositions which had been agreed upon and embraced in the resolutions previously adopted. The friends of the Prince were now on the very threshold of power. One step only remained to be taken, and that step they unwisely delayed by fighting over again the previous debates upon the passage of this bill. It was the sixteenth before that bill was ready to send to the Lords. On the nineteenth, it was on its second reading in the Lords, when the Chancellor announced the probable restoration of the king's health, in a period so near at hand as to render a regency unnecessary, and moved an adjournment till the twenty-fourth. On the twenty-fourth, the king was apparently well, and on the tenth of March resumed his official duties.

Thus had the steadiness, dexterity, and good-fortune of Pitt, helped, as was usual, by the folly of his enemies, saved himself and the state from the impending misfortune. The above naked recital of dates shows by what critical good fortune Pitt was saved. It was less than two months from the king's resumption of official duties, that the meeting of the States-General took place in Paris; and that meeting had been called the previous year. It was a period of threatened convulsion, and of great and general anxiety, not only in France, but in England. The hopes of Englishmen hung upon Pitt. They watched his cool and adroit movements, as the traveller watches the commander or pilot who steers his ship among dangerous shoals and reefs, doubtful if each moment may not be the last. Had his movements been even a few days more rapid, the regency would have been established; had they been so much delayed as to give any appearance of factiousness and intentional delay, his majority would have fled to the other side, and sought the smiles of what all supposed to be the rising power. But his opponents helped him to such good causes for delay, and he steered his bark with so much precision, that it is even doubtful whether at any time he sought delay for the sake of delay. It is an instance characteristic of a great man in a crisis: he yielded nothing from despair, but determined to do all that was proper to be done, and leave the rest to fate.

The recovery of the king was hailed by a general out-burst of national joy, and celebrated by religious solemnities, by illuminations, and loud voices of thanksgiving. The affections of the English people were exhibited toward their sovereign in a manner both earnest and touching: nor was Pitt forgotten. It was almost a jubilee over the defeat of his adversaries: almost an ovation for Pitt himself. If revolution were at hand, they were no longer in danger of meeting it under the rule of a profligate and dishonored prince, who had been an undutiful son, and who was nearly destitute of the qualities which command confidence or respect: if a great crisis were at hand, their destinies were not under the guidance of ministers as profligate and as destitute of private character as the prince himself. But George III., who, with all his faults, was, compared with other monarchs, a pure, virtuous,

and paternal sovereign, was yet king; and Pitt, their great and brilliant minister, was yet at the helm of state. The crisis was indeed at hand, and a crisis more momentous and appalling than it had entered their imaginations to conceive. They were beginning to be tossed upon that plunging and pitiless tide which speedily engulfed all Europe. They were beginning to discern some curling eddies of smoke rising from those suppressed fires which speedily broke forth into wide-spread and merciless conflagration.

The limits of a sketch like this neither require nor indeed permit great fulness of detail. There were many passages in the life of Pitt, of great interest at the moment, which called forth his eloquence and his courage, and which would afford themes for the pen or the pencil; but they are not necessary to a fair comprehension of his personal or political merit. He was appointed Prime Minister in December, 1783. During the ten years which elapsed before the war with France, he increased the revenues, established a sinking-fund, diminished smuggling, consolidated the various duties, and enhanced the value of the funds. He re-constructed the government of India; he re-constructed the government of the Canadas: he proposed, and very nearly accomplished, a remodelling and re-construction of the relations between England and Ireland: he participated in the trial of Hastings: he conducted the controversy about the regency.

It has been said that he was a man of tact and plausibility, rather than of strength and high statesmanship; but if any thing is apparent from the commencement to the close of his career, it is his readiness to undertake, and his strength to accomplish the most responsible and arduous duties which can be thrown upon a statesman. Nor has any minister of England left upon her history a record more enduring, or a greater number of administrative measures of the first magnitude, than did Pitt during the first ten years of his ascendancy. Early in February, 1793, the French Convention declared war against Great Britain, and from that period to the death of Pitt, the country, with barely a nominal cessation, was engaged in expensive, magnificent, and bloody wars.

Pitt entered Parliament with the predisposition common to young men for popular reforms. He united with Fox and the Liberals to oppose the American war. He aided Wilberforce to launch his resolutions against the slave trade. He advocated parliamentary reform and extension of popular suffrages. As finance minister, he overhauled traditional abuses. He declined an office for himself, the clerkship of the Pells, worth three thousand pounds per annum during life, which he might without impropriety have accepted, and he caused it to be bestowed upon another. He sacrificed his patronage as minister by abolishing four hundred and forty-one revenue offices which he deemed unnecessary. He entirely re-cast and re-modelled the system of taxation, and the mode of keeping and auditing the public accounts. He repudiated the practice of distributing beneficial shares of the public loans among his friends and supporters, and adopted the new plan of contracting for loans by means of sealed proposals from different persons,

which were opened in presence of each other. As a peace-minister, he was in every valuable sense a reformer.

The activity with which he replenished the treasury after his accession to power, and his sinking-fund, have been described. It happened on two occasions before the war with France, that he was compelled to incur extraordinary expenses; in the first instance, to prepare for a war with Spain, and in the second for a war with Russia. These occasions passed away without actual war, but not without testing his spirit and his promptness. He provided for these occasions by extraordinary taxes and otherwise, so that in 1792, the sinking-fund had been undiminished: it had bought in forty millions of dollars of the national debt, and he was then ready to add to the five millions of dollars per annum which he had at first provided for that fund, another million of dollars per annum, and at the same time to repeal taxes to the amount of a million of dollars. Under his administration the amount of British goods exported to India had increased six fold. The whole aggregate annual value of goods imported into the kingdom had increased about thirty millions of dollars, and the amount of goods exported per annum, about twenty-five millions of dollars; and in the same short period, the number of ships employed in the trade of the kingdom had increased in the proportion of five to three. He had also carried a bill through Parliament for establishing a new system of police in London. By so many titles had he proved himself a thorough-going and trenchant man of affairs, a statesman not merely for preserving, but for reconstructing and reforming.

When the French revolution broke out, he was more than any other man responsible to his own government for its safety from a similar catastrophe. The danger was imminent. Ideas of democracy and the rights of man, of equality and brotherhood, spread like a contagion. Liberty is a greater than Orpheus; her voice will not only cause the lame mind to walk, the dumb to speak, but will inspire some holy aspirations in the most brutish nature. Visions of millennial happiness, and the perfect empire of reason, awoke the multitudes of England to respond to the multitudes of France. Situated as Pitt was, men are apt to be conservative. The revolutionary movement appeared to him to be an awful vortex, in which not only thrones, but all systems of justice and social morality were in danger of being engulfed. He believed the only way to guard the British Islands against this danger was to bar all its approaches. He regarded all concessions to the democratic idea and to popular clamor as opening the way to destruction. Concessions, he thought, instead of satisfying demands, would multiply and sharpen them, and would give an entering-place to the revolutionary wedge. It was not, he said, the time for concessions: they would give strength and respectability to efforts which ought in his judgment to be thoroughly discountenanced. The British constitution, he argued, protected life and property, and guaranteed a comfortable degree of freedom. As compared with any thing gained by the French revolution, or probable to result from any other revolution, he eulogized it as worthy of veneration and earnest love. Upon its preservation depended, in his opinion, much more than the happiness of England. The British constitution

saved, would stand as a break-water against which the waves of destruction, threatening to roll over Europe, would break and recoil. He was, in his own estimation, fighting a contest which largely involved the happiness of mankind. It was for him, therefore, to fortify the barriers of the constitution against the assaults of democratic theory and the insidious approach of fallacious sentiment. The question was not how to make the government more perfect, but how to preserve any government at all; not how to relieve property from the burdens of partial taxation, but how to save it from utter destruction, or from revolutionary sequestration; not how to gratify the popular desire for sentimental justice and brotherhood, but how to save the people from the madness of anarchy. Projects of reform and specialities in philanthropy were small and narrow compared with the great cause. Effort bestowed upon them was dangerously wasted and diverted from matters of more comprehensive and vital concern. He therefore abandoned the advocacy of parliamentary reform, and opposed it. He threw his whole weight and all his power against democracy. He brought the machinery of government to bear with rigor upon Jacobin movements. The doctrine of constructive treason was revived. Sedition was not flattered by concessions, but arraigned and put upon trial. The state trials of that period will be for ever memorable in the annals of jurisprudence. The logic and eloquence of Erskine displayed upon those trials will be studied through all time as models of forensic argumentation. That great advocate resisted with success many of the most important prosecutions, and won for himself professional triumphs. Government was balked and perplexed, but sedition was disconcerted. Popular leaders might be willing to face danger in battle, but it was a different matter to be watched from step to step by unknown spies, and to feel assured that before their plans had ripened they would be separated from their associates, denounced as traitors, imprisoned, and put upon trial. It was very well to be applauded as martyrs; but to be confronted with treacherous associates who had turned State's evidence, to languish months in duress with an even chance for the gibbet, and to emerge at length with ruined fortunes and damaged reputation was an anti-climax. It was not a part of the play laid down in their plan. Liberty, equality, fraternity, was a charming dream; but reduced to practice by allowing one democrat the liberty of testifying against his brother, and of saving his own neck from the noose by slipping his brother's neck into it, was an exhibition of the sentiment nowhere provided for in the bills. This was the test to which Pitt subjected the theory of human regeneration among its chief disciples in Great Britain. Had Louis XVI. a Pitt, there had been neither a Napoleon nor a Wellington. In the situation of the two countries, war between France and England was inevitable. There is no doubt but France committed the first overt act by opening the Scheldt in apparent violation of a treaty. There is as little doubt that England had long been acting the part of an open enemy to the French revolution, and had taken every step that could be taken short of an appeal to arms. It is abundantly manifest in the speeches from the throne, and in Pitt's speeches, as well as in contemporary history, that although the opening of the Scheldt was the technical ground for war,

much the greater stress was laid upon the necessity of putting down the French revolution. Mr. Pitt spoke of the French leaders as banditti; and he was himself regarded in France with as much abhorrence as Napoleon afterward was in England. The French revolutionary leaders looked upon Pitt as the *cousa cousins* of the many-headed coalition among the old dynasties to suppress the spirit of young liberty. Pitt was by no means first to propose those European combinations. He stood resolutely aloof until the character of the revolution was developed, and his own opinion of the necessity of the case was fully formed. His wish, his ambition, was to maintain peace, and to connect his reputation with a restoration of British finances. But his moral and physical courage were equal to any turn of events. He was intensely English, and when he saw or thought he saw an absolute necessity for kings and governments to array themselves against the rising, spreading, and tumultuous cry of revolution, he calmly unsheathed the sword, but he threw away the scabbard. There was no monarch, no subject in Europe, who brought to the conflict the weight of character which Pitt contributed. He was, therefore, magnified by the imaginations and the fears of the democracy into the Genius and Colossus who stood between them and their hopes. Much that was done by others, and much that was not done at all, was popularly attributed to Pitt. They thought they saw the finger of Pitt in every hostile movement. His name became an execrated name. The French Convention voted him to be an enemy of liberty and of the human race. The feeling on both sides was natural, and no doubt sincere. In the relative situation of the two countries, peace was impossible.

‘WAR, then, war;
Open or understood,’

was inevitable. France preferred it should be open.

In this struggle republicans can feel but little sympathy with Pitt or with England. Her part was that of domination, and interference in the affairs of others. But in judging of public men, it is proper to place yourself in their situation, and to see things from the same point of view they did. If you erect a standard of absolute justice, and test the actions of men, not only by the facts they saw, but by the revelations and the opinions of all time, you yourself become unjust, and deal unfairly. What nation, what man, can stand the test of such a standard? Nay, what nation, what man, is worthy to erect such a standard? Let him who declares honestly to his own generation that which he thinks he sees, and who strives with all his might to do that which seems to him fit to be done, be honored as the true man: if his glance shall pierce the dark obscure of coming events, or his comprehension grasp attendant causes and effects, ever so little more closely than his fellows, let then be added to his name the title of great. For, by any other standard shall you look sorrowfully over the vacant globe, and search all time with an aching heart, finding never anywhere a great or an honest man.

Look at Pitt, then, as a British statesman, deeply attached to the British constitution, pledged by every sacred pledge to uphold the monarchy.

Look at the people of the British Islands, enjoying not equality or brotherhood, it is true, but comfort, safety, and qualified liberty, with a future opening brightly before them. Look at the British monarch, now approaching old age, venerated, loved by his people, who had taken Pitt by the hand when he was young, who had failed him in no engagement ever made, over whom he had watched in sickness and in health, during sanity and insanity, and who now leaned upon him as his staff of support, whose hopes now fled to him for safety as their rock of refuge; you will then see the situation of Pitt as he saw it. Glance across that narrow British channel, and behold there the scenes which he beheld: a people who had inhaled an unaccustomed breath of liberty, and become frantic with an amiable sentiment, murdering their king and queen, and murdering each other; infancy, age, virtue, vice, all sexes and conditions, falling under the executioner's axe or the assassin's knife, and the songs of liberty degenerated into repulsive orgies over undistinguishing slaughter and spreading conflagration. Look then again to the British side of the channel, and see there the same signs, the same organizations, the same gathering together of masses, which heralded the disasters of France. See these rising omens of popular commotion, countenanced, defended, encouraged, by political leaders, men of eloquence, scholars, writers, nay, even by Fox himself. See this threatening tide of danger rapidly spreading, surrounding, approaching, *ex gurgite vasto*, the throne of George III. You then see the situation of Pitt as he saw it.

For us who live in the middle of the nineteenth century, the impenetrable curtain of the future which closed in his horizon has been lifted. That which was feared and suffered has passed away. The masses, the generation of men, who fell before this mighty movement, are almost forgotten. In the result, we see that the feudal system was swept away; that, since the subsoil of society was turned up to the sun by the relentless ploughshare of that revolution, many germs buried until then have shot up into stately growths and hung full of blossoming virtues; that liberty made a great advance, and our sympathies, at least my sympathies, are all with France and her revolution. But let us deal fairly with Pitt. He also was a friend of liberty. Neither he nor the friends of the revolution foresaw results. On all sides of the scene were cries of 'Lo here! lo there!' and all were running after false guides. No man's predictions were accomplished, no man's hopes fulfilled; but warriors and statesmen, alternately victors and vanquished, were in one 'red burial blent.' He who came nearest to a perfect solution of that great riddle had not yet advanced upon his career, but in the end, even he fell short of the true guess, and was fearfully doomed.

In this dreadful confusion of opinion and of events, Pitt saw a few things clearly. There was his king; there the British constitution; there English liberty. If these could be saved, it was much: this done, if he could extend the healing beams of British influence, and pacify the troubles of Europe, it was more. The only experiment, he thought, which duty called upon him to try was that experiment. The post of his duty was there where he stood. The only sentiments for him to improve were those natural affections, love to his own king, his

own people, his own government, and upon these to make fast the happiness and the power of his country. It was there, if anywhere, in the House of Commons, and as plain William Pitt, that he must mount the whirlwind and direct the storm.

Was he 'up to the spirit of the age?' Let him answer who can say what was the spirit of that age. Was his course dictated by the liberal policy of a true friend of his race? Let him answer who can say whether an opposite course would have produced greater happiness. The spirit of the age was a mixed and antithetical spirit; there was a love to talk beautiful sentiments at each other, and then to enforce them with mutuality of guillotines, dirks, and arsenic. Liberality exemplified itself by the bestowal of much excellent theory, and more than all in the free bestowal of cannon-balls, infantry, and cavalry-charges, and in the sacking of cities. Where, oh! where, shall a refuge be found from the influence of cant?

When Pitt took his stand upon this subject, he had the happiness to see many of his most powerful and bitter opponents break loose from their former associations and range themselves by his side. The imaginative, great, and vindictive Burke, so long a determined foe, left his seat in the opposition, and came over to share his eloquence and his efforts with Pitt. It was an affecting scene. The friendship between Fox and Burke had stood the test of adversity and of time. When they separated, it was with the manly sorrow of two rugged natures; it was a breaking up of the fountains of the deep, and was performed with pathetic eloquence and with moistened eyes. For the third time, a crisis had happened in Pitt's career, and each crisis had found him firmer, and left him more strongly grounded in the affections of Englishmen than before, more than ever he to whom the country looked for counsel and guidance.

T H E A R B U T U S .

COME with me
Where blooms the wild arbutus, queen of all
The flowers that blossom in our woods. Half hid
From view, beneath the yellow leaves that strew
The forest-walks, its buds and blooms unseen,
Save by the eye of him, who wanders here
In musings, wrapt beneath these pensive shades.
It haunts the loneliest glooms and shadiest dells,
And sheds its fragrance on the morning air,
Which is, perhaps, by breezes loitering near;
Borne far away to one who long since loved
To wander here in spring-time, and who now
Here wanders but in dreams. I love the flower,
Emblem of modest worth; it does not court
The admiration of the thoughtless crowd;
But, in sequestered glen or pathless wild,
Sought out, alone, by those to whom appears
The face of nature like an open book —
It buds, and blooms, and dies.

Castleton, Vermont.

H. L. S.

T H E G O L D E N A G E .

BY JAS. T. MITCHELL.

AN idle hour of reverie was mine,
Which I have passed, as oft I do such hours,
In day-light dreaming of the Golden Age.
And, that my dreams should not too idle be,
I have, with such precision as I might,
Recalled the wandering tenor of their thought.

I saw the nations that have gone before us,
Climbing again the rugged hills of time;
And, having gained the summit, pause a moment,
Blazing in fiery light of Glory's sun;
Then downward move again, in dark procession,
Along the Valley of the Shade of Death.

First came through dim tradition's morning light,
A phantom legion of departed states,
And weird skeletons of ages past;
Assyria, Egypt, and ill-fated Troy,
Stalked by like shadows in the twilight gloom;
And, as they slowly passed along, I thought,
Each one of these has had its golden age,
Yet in them all has been but one idea;
For, though in different years and different climes,
They each have looked upon a conquered world:
Yet, in them all, the prevalent great thought,
The ruling power, has been the force of arms.

Look at their histories, and the names of those
Whom they have placed upon the scroll of fame:
What, through the night of years, do they present?
Naught but a catalogue of warrior-kings,
Heroes, whose only claim to high renown
Is writ in crimson characters of blood.

This, then, was man's most marked primeval age,
The wakening up of those fierce faculties
That drive him headlong to the battle-field;
And its result was the development
Of arts of war, and of those arts alone.

The next age came, but in its dawning brought
Only fresh fuel to the flame of war;
Man had advanced, with terrible success,
In lawless passions and in iron will;
But still was shrouded in the gloom of night
The true and gentler soul. Yet now a form
Came forth, exulting, at the pageant's head,
Armed to the teeth; but yet in every part
It bore the impress of a different strength.
There was a brightness in its every look,
A fiery brilliancy, that seemed to say,

This is the birth-day of a new idea.
Greece is the morning-star, upon whose beams
Is wafted down from highest heaven to man
The new-born principle of Liberty.

The law of arms had, by its nature, been
A tyrant of the worst and deadliest kind;
And, in man's first and fierce primeval state,
Wherein it held an undisputed sway,
It had developed in such iron strength,
It ruled the world for many an after-age.
Yet still its power, from FREEDOM'S earliest birth,
Began to wane; for with that great event
Burst on the world the dawning light of soul.

Thenceforth the march of mind was ever on,
Through centuries of darkness, toil, and strife,
Leaving its landmarks in the peaceful arts
That now are spread o'er many a happy land.
But though the powers of intellect and arms
Both lived and struggled in the iron age,
Yet for a time they joined in mighty Rome.
When first her eagle spread his golden wings,
That bore him far upon his rushing flight,
He held within his breast two living powers:
The first was liberty, and this was seen
When every nation that he triumphed o'er
Thenceforth enjoyed its freedom undisturbed;
But freedom must be such as Romans willed,
And here was thus evinced the tyranny. •
Thus both these powers, while they fought within,
Made common cause against the foe without;
And their united energies soon crowned
The seven-hilled city mistress of the world.
And having now no rival left to fear,
She next began to turn against herself:
Stern civil discord raised her gorgon head,
Wild anarchy went rioting in blood;
And, through the red, chaotic night of war,
Went slow and sadly down the morning-star.
Then came the darkness and the double night
Of tyranny, and of all-powerful wrong.
Kings sat upon the thrones, and at their nod
Whole nations bowed to slavery and death;
Warriors arose, and in their trembling turn,
The kings from off their thrones were hurled by those
Who, when their day was done, must follow them.

Then, with a mighty crash, that shook the world,
And echoed loud along the corridors
Of centuries then unborn, fell eagle Rome;
And settled on her mouldering remains
The fierce and eager vultures of the North.
The world was ruled by barbarism alone;
The torch of mind which liberty had lit
Went out, and then there seemed to come no light
From all the darkness of the middle age.
But time flew ever on, and, year by year,
The spirit of that darkness fell and died;
And man awoke again to consciousness
Of powers that had been slumbering too long;
Then fled the nightmare that had on him lain,

And through the world was seen returning life.
First kings arose against each other's might;
The weak, no longer yielding to the strong,
Banded together 'gainst each common foe.
Then slowly dawned upon the minds of men,
A new and all-important principle.
Though all the ages we have seen pass by
Were mainly moved by different ideas,
Yet through them all we now can see one chain,
And that the force of individual minds.
For though we speak of Greece as one great power,
Yet she was then a multitude of States,
Each separate from the rest, and every one
Rose, lived, and died, upon its own resource.
Rome, even at the zenith of her strength,
Was but a single city, and she held
Her grasp upon so many different states,
Because no *one* of them was stronger than herself.
And, in these states that were divided so,
Each separate man was like a separate power,
And but submitted to his single king,
Since by himself too weak to urge his will.

Here, then, we see one law that bound the world,
Through all the ages past: but now there came
Slowly, yet startlingly, upon men's minds,
The thought, that in union was their strength.
Kings felt its influence first; but, as time passed,
And they by long example showed its power,
The people that had been for centuries
Awakening to a consciousness of strength,
Seized it to shield their own invaded rights.
This brings us to the present age, for this
Is yet a period of struggling thoughts:
The whole world is their mighty battle-field,
On which we see the glittering standards rise,
Of union for the love of LIBERTY,
Against the cause of DESPOTISM in arms.
Thus, every age that yet this world has seen,
Has had its main and ruling principle;
And though each one has lived for centuries,
Beyond the period that it ruled alone,
Yet have the good still grown in strength; while those
Whose deeds were ill, have fallen day by day.
And this is now the age in which shall come
The last great struggle of the living powers;
And those that conquer in the coming fight,
Shall rule the world through every future age.
And who, with history of the past as guide,
And every sign that man can read for hope,
Will say the victory shall not be to those
Who now shall strike for liberty and peace?
That, then, shall be the Golden Age of man,
When all this strife, in centuries to come,
Is over, and the ever-conquering powers
Of LIBERTY, and UNION, and of PEACE,
Shall bury in OBLIVION'S dark grave
The hated names of SLAVERY and WAR,
And in their place shall HAPPINESS and LOVE
Direct the march of man for ever on!

Philadelphia, Sept. 30, 1852.

A N E P I S O D E

IN THE LIFE OF AUGUSTUS FITZ CLARENCE BOOBIE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

'A SWEET-FACED man; a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man.'
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

AUGUSTUS FITZ CLARENCE BOOBIE was a young gentleman of exceedingly good parts, at least as far as the outward man was concerned, who had recently arrived in the little village of M——, with the avowed design of establishing himself in the practice of the law. He had taken an office upon the main avenue of the town, and over the door had caused to be placed a very showy sign, bearing on a field azure his cognomen in golden letters, appended to which was the usual legal addition of 'Attorney and Counsellor at Law.'

No sooner was he fairly installed in his new head-quarters than he commenced the study of the law, the ladies, and love, of which, however, the last *two* were destined to receive by far his greatest attention.

A more absolute devotee at the shrine of fashion never tripped Broadway. Not a mere fop was he; but the concentrated quintessence of dandyism, be-jewelled, be-scented, and be-decked in the very latest style that foreign importations had developed.

Daily he promenaded the pavé of the little street, to the envy of the village beaux, who stared with jealous glance as he sauntered gracefully along, twirling his moustache and rattan, with an air of self-evident superiority, and the most supreme contempt and indifference to all their operations.

It is proper here to be stated, that his tailor had never as yet received an equivalent for the magnificent suit of French broad-cloth, Genoa velvet, and Ture's satin that enveloped his elegant person; but of what consequence was that fact to him, so long as the suit retained its pristine elegance, and his tailor remained ignorant of his whereabouts?

'Was Solomon in all his glory arrayed like' Augustus Fitz Clarence Boobie? Could that sapient monarch have risen to behold this unique specimen of humanity, he would doubtless have hurried back to his long repose, heartily ashamed of the shabby appearance of his own obsolete wardrobe.

Time passed on, and our hero had ingratiated himself in the good opinions of many of the wealthiest families of M——, with whom he was a general favorite, in fact quite the rage; and there was much strife as to who should make a conquest of this 'love of a man.'

He was such a nice, genteel, moral young man, at least 'so every body said,' and surely 'every body' ought to know.

As regularly as the Sabbath morning dawned, and the little bell had ceased tolling, Augustus, prayer-book in hand, sauntered gracefully up the aisle to his own pew, and devoutly bending his head upon his

perfumed cambric handkerchief, uttered (at least so people imagined) a silent prayer, and then after finding the service for the day, in a clearly audible tone he made the responses very reverently, and paid the most profound attention to the worthy pastor's discourse, 'even unto the end thereof.'

Many stolen glances were directed toward him from all parts of the little church; the chorister sung his loudest, and the lady-members of the choir evinced a perceptible consciousness of his presence within the sacred walls.

And when the 'forty-fifthly' of the good dominie was ended, the last strain of the hymn had died away, and the benediction had been pronounced, what a jostling and hurrying down the gallery-stairs to obtain a glimpse of our hero, or perhaps the honor of a bow from his lordship. Thrice happy the young lady whom he condescended to accompany homeward; and how many thoughts wandered to him, instead of holier objects upon that sacred day!

His presence in the village had a tendency to render society unusually gay, and many balls and parties were given expressly in honor of him. He was lionized by the young ladies, petted by their judicious mammas, clapped upon the back familiarly by their papas; in short, his invitations to breakfast, dinner, and tea, were so numerous that it was exceedingly difficult for him to accept them all. It would have been no very surprising result had a person with a far more ample allowance of brains, under such circumstances, been completely bewildered, and guilty of equal indiscretion.

It was the young men alone who shunned him. They were his sworn enemies.

The 'head and front of his offending had this extent, no more;' he was, as they imagined, usurping the places they had formerly occupied in the good graces of the opposite sex, while they were now almost forgotten, or at least treated with the utmost indifference by his devoted followers.

Among their ranks, however, no 'bright particular star' had as yet arisen upon his mental vision; no fair one had made any indelible impression upon his apparently susceptible heart. No graces of form, feature, mind, or, last though far from least, fortune, had served to touch its tender chords: 'he wandered in maiden meditation, fancy-free.'

His stock of knowledge was limited to a familiarity with the current gossip of the day; a superficial acquaintance with all the latest and most trashy novels in yellow covers, and a tolerably good memory enabled him to quote from Byron and Moore, to just that extent which gave the lackadaisical young ladies of M — a most exalted idea of his conversational powers. Charming Augustus! thou wert all that sentimental school-girl could picture, or scheming mamma could conceive of, as the beau-ideal, not to say *beau-real*, of romantic perfection. Those were thy halcyon days, when

'Eyes looked love to eyes, which spoke again;
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.
But hush! Hark!'

CHAPTER SECOND.

'TAKE this of me, KATE, of my consolation:
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.'

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Among the village belles was one who was preëminent for beauty, wit, and the thousand little accomplishments which serve to make woman more lovely, and to win them the attentions of the *genus homo*.

Kate Lincoln was a born beauty; none of your die-away fairies — pale, hectic, consumptive-looking creatures, whose chief ambition is to be thought in an interesting decline; nor, on the other hand, was she one of those bouncing country-girls of the milk-maid order, who

—— 'WALK in the morning,
And are shod like mountaineers;'

but a refined and perfect lady in every respect. Bright and beautiful was she, and justly admired by the whole circle of society in which she moved. She was a genuine lover of fun, provided it did not border on rudeness; and her repartees were proverbial for the delicacy of their satire, which the most fastidious could not construe into any thing overstepping the bounds of strictest courtesy. She was envied by not a few, for her many personal attractions, and yet beloved by all. Her natural warm-heartedness won her sincere friends among all classes; and, while her dignity of character always commanded respect, there was nothing forbidding in her manner, but a certain indescribable something which always made you feel at your ease in her presence.

Of course Augustus, in his triumphal progress, was brought in contact with the fair Kate, and, after having obtained an introduction, was completely under the spell of her influence.

Rumor had previously whispered to him that she was the heiress of all her father's wealth, and it required little forethought on his part, to decide that she was at least worth an effort of attainment. Not capable of keeping his intentions a secret to himself, he confided them to a friend of Kate's, who, perceiving at once the object of his designs, communicated the fact to her. Kate was no mean reader of human nature, and no very deep scrutiny was necessary on her part, to ascertain the depths of our hero's intellect. She discovered that he was a hypocrite, as far as he knew how to be; unprincipled, and by no means as sapient as many people of acknowledged discernment imagined him. His foppery, his senseless chit-chat, and above all his unbounded pride, disgusted her, and she resolved to bring down the latter.

But how could she effect the desired humiliation without compromising the dignity of her character as a lady? A plan soon suggested itself. For the successful furtherance of it, she accepted his attentions with the utmost grace at every party where both were present; danced, waltzed, and conversed with him upon every festive occasion, to the great surprise and some little envy on the part of the feminine portion of the community, to say nothing of the indignant looks and speeches of the beaux.

The gossips decided that it was a most reprehensive case of flirtation, and a downright infringement of the laws of propriety, of which the fair Kate ought to be heartily ashamed ; and they even deputed a committee to wait upon the good-natured Judge, her father, to report the 'disgraceful conduct of his daughter.' But then they only received their trouble for their pains, inasmuch as the Judge gave them to understand that Kate was but exercising the prerogative of her sex, and intimated that the institution of a *home mission* would appear far less Quixotic than this voluntary and unsolicited interference with the affairs of others.

Poor, inconsistent women ! they never recalled to mind the ancient fable of the fox and the unattainable fruit of the vine ; never reflected how much it would have ministered to their vanity, could their Sallies and Nancy Janes have been the happy recipients of Augustus' flattering attentions. But no such good fortune awaited them ; Kate, and Kate only, was the chosen object of Augustus' imperial predilections.

Induced by these flattering indications of success, to believe that he should encounter no obstacles to his suit, he soon became a frequent visitor at her father's house, and was received with distinguished consideration by the judge, who was in the secret, and used his inventive faculties to aid Kate in the accomplishment of her plans.

He proposed little social rides and pic-nics, and was so extremely condescending and polite, that Augustus, who considered these opportunities most favorable to the furtherance of his suit, accepted their invitations with delight, and entered into the spirit of them with infinite zest.

CHAPTER THIRD.

'For a full week, the note of preparation
Had sounded through all circles, far and near,
And some two hundred cards of invitation
Bade beau and belle, in full costume, appear.'

HALLECK.

To finish the gayeties of the season, Kate had obtained the consent of her father to give a large and brilliant party.

Invitations were scattered far and wide, and great calculations were made by the village ladies for a grand display of wardrobes upon the occasion. For a week preceding the event, the stores were besieged, and many were the yards of lace and ribbon that were carried away in triumph.

To Miss Jones, the milliner, it was a season of unusual profit ; indeed she had never known a greater demand for the various articles of female adornment, and her two assistants were busily engaged from 'morn till dewy eve,' in cutting, and trimming, and altering silks, satins, and muslins, which had been lying carefully enveloped in pillow-cases for years, in dark closet-drawers, which were strewn with bits of gum-camphor, or chips of red-cedar, sure preventives against the ravages of moths and other destructive annoyers. At the Judge's, no one was idle ; and the occasion was one which called forth an exhibition of Kate's domestic accomplishments. The great parlors had been thoroughly overhauled ; the carpets removed to admit of dancing, and

the old-fashioned dining-hall had been carefully cleansed, and very tastefully decorated with evergreens, among which were arranged numerous candles and lamps. The busy notes of preparation were heard 'from the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same,' and when they were at last all completed, the whole house never looked more cheerful or inviting in its interior appearance.

The expected night at last arrived; the halls were brilliantly lighted, and up the broad, oaken stairway, guest after guest passed to the dressing-rooms. Kate, arranged in a dress of simple white, and with no other ornament than a simple white rose in her glossy hair, stood at the head of the long parlor, leaning upon the arm of her father, and receiving her guests with the grace of a queen. Never had she looked more charming, and there was a silent, yet unmistakable feeling of admiration, plainly perceptible upon the countenances of those who had the pleasure of any conversation with her. She was the acknowledged belle of the evening and the cynosure of all eyes.

At a late hour, the doors of the supper-room were thrown open, and the gay company proceeded thither to discuss the merits of Kate's housewifery. Many were the compliments she received, and many the exclamations of delight at the appearance of the table, which groaned beneath its load of delicacies. Augustus was appointed by Kate to aid her in doing the honors of the supper-room, and to make himself generally useful in seeing that no one was overlooked. After the guests had done ample justice to its merits, and the doors were again closed, Kate took Augustus' arm, and returned to the supper-table to partake of some refreshment herself; having been too busily engaged in her duties as hostess to think of self before. Now was the long-looked-for opportunity; and Augustus at once embraced it to declare the ardor of his passion, and offered his hand, his heart, in short, all that dame Nature and his tailor had produced under the name and title of Augustus Fitz Clarence Boobie!

Kate directed her glances to the floor, and for a moment hesitated to reply; but at last, summoning all her resolution, she referred him to her father, saying that if *he* was not opposed to it, she would accept him.

So intent was Augustus upon the consummation of his hopes, that, not able to restrain his impatience until the close of the evening, he hastened at once to her father, and requested his presence for a moment in the library. The Judge followed him thither, and closed the door behind them. Augustus, with the air of one who was rather conferring than soliciting a favor, informed the Judge that the attractions of his daughter had made more than ordinary impressions upon his heart, and that he had accordingly addressed her upon the subject. She had, he said, considered it in a favorable light, but referred him to her father, before giving a decisive answer to his proposal. He had, therefore, the honor of announcing himself as a candidate for her hand, and flattered himself that he should meet with no opposition whatever from the Judge.

The latter had anticipated this piece of information, but was not quite prepared for the pompous manner in which it was delivered.

However, he soon recovered his equanimity, and gave our hero to understand that he must decline the honor with which Augustus was about to invest him. Moreover, he would suggest that his visits at the house should, from that time, be discontinued. He acknowledged that he had previously shown him more or less civilities; but, farther than as a guest he had not regarded him, and therefore looked upon his proposal as but a poor return for those civilities; especially so, as he had made it without first consulting him. Augustus expostulated, but in vain. The Judge was inexorable, and would listen to no farther arguments upon the subject. Finding, therefore, that his attempts were unavailing, and only served to exasperate the Judge — who put on a most fierce frown, and spoke very tragically — Augustus returned to the drawing-room, in search of Kate, to whom he communicated his want of success. He then proposed that if she had the slightest regard for him, to fly at once from 'parental tyranny,' and make him, without farther delay, the happiest man alive, by being joined in the holy bonds of matrimony, at a neighboring town: to go thence to Philadelphia, pass the honeymoon there; after which, they would return, and throw themselves at her father's feet, and, obtaining his forgiveness, settle down quietly, as married people should do, for the remainder of their natural lives. He painted the delights of a home such as theirs would be, in very much the same strain as that in which Claude Melnotte described *his* to Pauline; and represented the magnificent estates which he was to inherit from his father, as sufficient to enable them to live in courtly style.

To all this, Kate gave an attentive ear, and then argued very sensibly against a compliance with his request; but she was sufficiently versed in diplomacy to know that such objections would but serve to render him only the more importunate, and, after a long discussion, she, with apparent reluctance, gave a silent consent, and named the corresponding evening of the following week as the one on which the elopement should take place. Then, bidding him 'good night,' she cautioned him not to venture to meet her, except at the house of a friend, whereto all the preliminaries could be arranged, and returned to her guests, who soon after separated, and the party ended.

CHAPTER FOURTH

'SLENDER. — 'I came yonder to Eton to marry Mistress ANNE PAGE, . . . and she's a great, lubberly boy.'

'PAGE. — 'Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.'

'SLENDER. — 'What need you tell me of that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.'

'PAGE. — 'Why, this is your own folly. Did I not tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?'

'SLENDER. — 'I went to her in white and cried *mum*, and she cried *budget*, and yet it was not ANNE, but a post-master's boy.'

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

During the week following, Augustus complied strictly with Kate's request, to meet her only at the house of a friend, and there they arranged all the preparations for the flight.

Happy Augustus! happy in thine ignorance of the snare which is being laid for thee.

'Since ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

It was decided that on the proposed evening, a carriage should be in readiness at the corner of a street, one or two blocks distant from the house, and that, at mid-night precisely, our hero should make his appearance under Kate's window, give a signal, and then repair to the back-piazza and remain in concealment till her appearance.

Accordingly, all preliminaries having been satisfactorily arranged on the proposed evening, the darkness of which was relieved only by a few struggling stars, Augustus Fitz Clarence Boobie, in a bridal suit of the finest of black broadcloth, a vest of snowy whiteness, and the other various articles of his toilet in corresponding style, (all of which had been obtained 'on tick,') Augustus — ecstatic youth — proceeded to the rendezvous under Kate's window, and, in a low tone, gave the preconcerted signal; the window was raised gently, and Kate, in a whisper, asked him if all was in readiness. Being answered in the affirmative, she as noiselessly closed the casement, and Augustus, on tip-toe, hastened to the back-piazza, at one end of which was a trellis covered with honeysuckles, just behind which a private door led from the hall. Behind this trellis he ensconced himself, trembling with excitement and the bold step he was about taking, and all impatience to be beyond the reach of pursuit.

A few moments only elapsed when the door slowly and silently turned upon its hinges; and a female figure, enveloped in a large cloak and closely veiled, emerged. She said nothing, but silently took his arm, and pointed toward the gate at the back of the garden, through which they were to pass. Hurrying on, they soon reached the carriage; and Augustus, having handed his companion in, took his seat beside her and bade the driver hasten on. His directions were obeyed, and they were soon beyond the confines of the village, in which not a light was visible. Augustus' happiness was complete. He had exceeded his most sanguine hopes; and, in a delirium of joy, he clasped the gloved hand of his companion and pressed it to his lips. The veiled head soon rested upon his shoulder, and he endeavored to fathom its impenetrability, and 'look love to eyes' which he fancied would 'speak again;' but the darkness resisted all his attempts. He could see nothing but a lighter shade where the sky was visible through the coach-window. But it was enough to feel that Kate was beside him, and from her he would not part, at least until she was his wedded wife.

On, on they drove, through woodland and over plains. Hill and dale were swiftly passed, and, just as the old church-clock was striking two, they entered the village of G——. The driver had slackened his speed a little, that no suspicion might be excited in the village, and drove quietly up to the hotel. The carriage-door was opened simultaneously with that of the hotel, and the landlord came out to welcome them. He had been previously apprised of Augustus' wishes, and led them to a private parlor, where a cheerful fire was blazing upon the hearth. The minister who was to perform the ceremony was also en-

gaged, and the landlord went at once to summon him. Augustus had intended that they should remain as short a time as possible at G——, and then hasten on to the railway to take the early morning-train for Philadelphia.

The landlord at length returned, accompanied by the clergyman, who, being duly introduced to the parties, commenced an exhortation upon the duties of the state matrimonial. Augustus listened impatiently, and, perceiving that there was no immediate prospect of a conclusion, reminded the good man that his time was limited, and desired him to 'proceed at once to business. He accordingly commenced a prayer, by way of preliminary, which threatened to be of equally long duration, and Augustus inwardly muttered anathemas upon the devoted man's head.

At length, however, he drew to a close, after taking a census of the world in general, and praying 'for all sorts and conditions of men,' and then requested the candidates for matrimony to make ready for the ceremony. The lady had thus far kept her veil closely drawn over her features, but, at the request of the clergyman, made preparations to remove it.

The landlord was to be a witness to the ceremony, and had taken his seat by the side of the minister. While waiting for his companion to divest herself of bonnet and veil, Augustus fell into a reverie, and was lost in a brown study, from which he was suddenly aroused by a burst of laughter from the jolly landlord. What could be the matter? He glanced at his dress inquiringly, to see if there was any thing there to excite these demonstrations of mirth; but no, there was not a spot or blemish. What, then, could it mean? Another and another peal of merriment caused him to look around, and — oh! shade of Uncle Tom! what think you, gentle reader, met his astonished vision? There stood his '*compagnon du voyage*,' the one whose hand he had pressed to his lips, and into whose ears he had breathed such vows of endless love and unchanging fidelity — but, oh! how changed! She to whom, in five minutes more he was to have been united for life, was metamorphosed into a young negro boy, whose height and figure were the counterpart of Kate's! He was enveloped still in the cloak, but had removed the bonnet and veil, and stood shaking his sides, and grinning as only a darkey can grin, while Augustus stood completely bewildered and horror-stricken.

'Wal, wat's de matter, Massa?' quoth Sambo; 'I spees you radder not be jined in de bons ob mattermony now, eh? I golly! I nebber hab a feller kiss me afore. Wal, I guess Massa Lincoln know he cards, and Missy Kate, she am up to snuff, too.'

Like a flash of lightning it occurred to Augustus that he had been victimized. He raved and swore, and it was with difficulty that the parson and landlord could quiet him. At length his passion cooled down, and he paid his bill, (the only one he ever was known to be guilty of discharging,) and left the house.

The supposed Kate returned in the carriage the next morning to M——, highly elated with the exploit. The real Kate and her father laughed heartily at the success of their plot, and felt that they had

relieved the village of a most dangerous character. All the village was agog before noon with a thousand-and-one different versions of the story; but all praised Kate's ingenuity, and rejoiced at the benefit she had conferred upon the community at large.

Then, did the creditors of Augustus hunt up their accounts, and cry 'sold! sold!' Then was the sheriff consulted; but he only gravely shook his head, and said all was in vain, for our hero was beyond the bounds of his jurisdiction. Then did he who had rented him the office repair thither, to obtain collateral security for past quarters still unpaid.

Vain search! He found a broken, worn-out trunk, containing three soiled collars, a pair of false moustaches, an antiquated shoe-brush, a well-thumbed pack of cards, and a dilapidated boot-jack. All other articles had vanished, no one knew whither.

Our hero has never reappeared upon the stage of M——; still, he is not forgotten, and Kate has many a laugh over her midnight elopement with Augustus Fitz Clarence Boobie.

PIERRE VIVANT.

Ann-Arbor, Mich., April, 1854.

U N R E S T .

THE wind is not at rest:
Coming and going, yet a thing unseen,
Leaving its tracery where no sound hath been,
On with the fickle foot-steps of a guest —
No rest, no rest!

The wave is not at rest:
Morning, and noon, and night, upon the shore,
It ever moaneth its perpetual roar,
Its voice of pleading, and its deep request
For rest, for rest.

And earth is not at rest;
But wheels forever onward through the skies,
Murmuring its note 'mid the spheres' harmonies:
And, looking backward where its foot hath pressed,
Yearneth for rest.

My soul is not at rest:
Forth from its inner chamber comes a sigh,
And the walls echo back the sad reply
To the Unsatisfied, who would be blest:
'No rest, no rest!'

Yet why, my soul, depressed?
E'en now, from portals of yon starry sky,
From myriad voices comes the glad reply,
As rapture hurls to calm my weary breast:
'Here is your rest!'

Aurora, (N. Y.)

O. L. P.

ARTISTS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO CHARLES L. ELLIOTT.

We are all artists — every one;
 And pictures, from each heart and brain,
 Flow out from morn till set of sun,
 From twilight until morn again.
 Our fancies through the universe
 For ever wander, picturing
 In sea and sky, in heaven and earth,
 Some quainter, stranger, newer thing.
 We see the statue in the stone,
 The picture on the canvas bare;
 And mould the forms of melody
 In rapture-song and solemn prayer.
 Each soul an airy pencil plies;
 And ever grows the glowing hall
 Where fancy's golden statues rise,
 And fancy's glory-pictures fall.
 Our bliss to come is imaged there;
 Our joys and loves, our hopes and fears,
 In shapes and colors that defy
 The art-effacing tread of years.
 The faces we have loved, and lost
 To outward sense, are living there;
 And memories of the dear and dead
 Are graven in our thought and prayer.

We are all artists: every thing
 Some form or picture gives or takes:
 Each atom of the universe
 Receives, or its impression makes.
 The river holds the margy grass
 Reflected in its silver breast;
 The ocean head-land's mighty brow
 Is on the ocean's face impressed;
 The sun paints shadows everywhere;
 Gives shrub, leaf, flower, and grain their hue;
 Gives to the peach its purple rind,
 To morning-glories, heaven's own hue;
 And long before the Latmian reeds
 Charmed shepherds in the orient zone,
 The winds made music in the trees
 And grasses, of melodious tone:
 And birds are older singers, far,
 Than artists of our mortal state;
 And earlier than the birds, heaven's stars
 Sang o'er creation's morn elate!
 No sound has died that ever woke;
 No color lost a tint or hue;
 No form, but in some artist-soul
 Still lives, as fair as first it grew;
 And everywhere, to NATURE'S face,
 ART holds her mimic hand and glass,
 And, curious, TIME'S processions scans,
 And paints the ages as they pass.

We are all artists — every one;
 And nature is the soul of art:
 Sense, substance, spirit, all are hers:
 Form, color, only, are our part.
 And God the soul of nature is;
 And God is in us — in all things:
 The universe his instrument,
 He, maker, master of its strings.
 And what we picture, be it song,
 Or melody, or color, form,
 Or statue mocking life itself,
 Each breathes with nature's spirit warm:
 All waking visions, all our dreams,
 When sleep has veiled the outer sense,
 Are shapes of nature, mingled with
 The INFINITE — OMNIPOTENCE!
 Not we the cunning hand inspire;
 Not we the fancy move or still,
 And thoughts come trooping through our brains
 From higher sources than our will.
 Our souls within a greater SOUL,
 Obedient, revolve and turn:
 Our minds within a mightier MIND,
 In NATURE's schools their lessons learn;
 Learn all their art, and evermore
 From age to age their themes rehearse,
 And sit by sounding sea and shore,
 As echoes of the universe!

C. D. STUART.

WHAT MY THOUGHTS WERE.

I HAVE, this evening, been listening to a most beautiful piece of music, and in recalling the calm, exquisite feelings of delight, which I experienced during the performance, I cannot resist an expression of wonder, that so many should be born, and live, and die, without ever having listened to, and been enraptured with, the music that is continually around them.

It is not in the concert-room alone, that our souls are moved by the 'concourse of sweet sounds;' the spirit-music is with us in the fields, by the running brook, by the waterfall, on the deck of a frail bark, with the mighty deep beneath us, and a twin flood of golden sunlight above and around us. It is with us in the hey-day of youth; in the midst of the struggles and vicissitudes of manhood; and it lingers in the dim, calm twilight, around the bedside of the aged, holy man, as he awaits the coming of his FATHER's messenger.

What a grand and solemn fantasia is a life! Hark! the low, thrilling prelude, that announces the opening of that master composition, Man! How it touches our very heart of hearts with its tender, hopeful, and yet apprehensive melody! It speaks to us of opening buds, of blossoms, of trembling anxiety, of ambition realized. Anon, there is a change; the strain grows bolder. Now the movement is rapid, joyous. Our pulse quickens with the memory of scenes gone by. How did every thing seem bright to us when we had entered upon the second

movement of our life ! How did we scorn the thought of unkindness — treachery in our fellow-man ! As we remember the pictures we placed before our mental vision, of successful strife in the world, of manly enterprise, and how our bosoms throbbed with the first emotions of that holiest part of our nature, love ; as we remember how we watched with increasing vigilance, lest our playmate should become our successful rival ; how we burned with indignant grief, that in vain attempted to appear indifferent, when we fancied we were supplanted in the affections of her who was far brighter and purer to us than any angel our young imagination had ever conceived of ; and how at last the lapse of time enabled us gradually to forget the vehemence of our feelings, and to think her interesting simply because *we* have been interested ; we sigh, and start to find that the strain has become fast — loud — energetic. We are fairly launched on the *allegro*.

Now begins the struggle for life, for success, for eminence. There are those who were performers at the commencement, who have already finished their part. There is nothing more for them but rest ; the turning of a leaf will show the *finale* to more of the band, but still the strain moves on. It tells us of efforts, severe and long continued ; of partial success ; of trembling anxiety ; of disappointment ; of prostration ; of blank despair. It tells us how those who were our friends in brighter days, have looked coldly on us in our adversity. It tells us how we have groaned, and wept, to think that our second, our dearer self should be dragged down with us in our fall ; how our appeals to friends for aid, for sympathy, have been met by ‘ sincere and disinterested advice ;’ how the proud spirit has chafed under the cutting kindness ; and how our heart’s comforter, our angel of peace, has comforted us, bid us be of good cheer, and has herself set us the bright example. It tells us how our gentle monitor has excited within us renewed hope ; prompted us to renewed exertion ; and how, at last, complete success has crowned our exertions.

And now, what a cheering melody awaits us ; how sweet is the change ; how do our hearts bound with gratitude to the GIVER of all good ! Now the music of our life is even, graceful, soothing ; reminding us of kind friends, of a cheerful home, where hearts hold sweet communion with hearts, and where all is love, calm and ineffable ; of a past remembered without regret ; of a future anticipated without fear. Ah ! how sweet would be our life, could this be the one measure of existence. But alas ! change is written on the face of all things earthly. A strange foreboding comes over us, as the now fitful, varying harmony, sweeps surging past us. It grows more and more plaintive, until at last, it breaks out so mournful, so despairing, that we shrink back appalled. Alas ! she, who was to one of us the companion of many years, the soother of many sorrows ; she, without whom every joy would be cheerless, lies stricken by the fell destroyer. Now, indeed, does the soul struggle with its inward agony. Now, how does all seem dark and dreary as he watches the fading cheek, the sunken eye, that even in death gleams with affection on her heart’s keeper ! How do his temples throb with anguish as he sees the desponding faces of friends, whose consolation even is misery — despair ! Hark ! the music

of her life is nearly done! How faint! What a tender melancholy breathes in every tone! As he listens, how does his grief overcome all control! See him, how he flings his hands aloft, in wild supplication! Save, oh! save her! One mournful chord, and the tired spirit has winged its flight, to join the heavenly eternal anthem. Oh! what a relief in those tears! How does the broken spirit pour forth in drops of anguish! how does the bereaved turn from all consolation, until he hears the music of his own immortal being, turning his thoughts toward his own heart, that has gone up in her keeping! Brother, thy heart is with an angel now; oh! be patient until the meeting.

The sweet strains of peace, of holy resignation, have calmed the troubled spirit, and he awaits the close of his last movement, silently, prayerfully. Little more of change is there for him. There is nought but the same calm, low, soothing strain that even now we hear. Yet it is even sweeter than the first sounds which greeted him. They told of awakening, of blossom; but these tell of a ripe, a full fruition; of maturity; of the journey accomplished. Yet still it flows on, growing softer, more plaintive, more heavenly, until in the dim, calm twilight, we see him awaiting the coming of his FATHER's messenger. There is now no grief in his bosom; earth does not appear dark or dreary. The consolations of friends are now sweet to the parting spirit. Naught is now around him but peace, a calm and holy peace. The music of his life grows fainter as he watches the slowly declining day. His awakening shall take place with Nature's sleep. Fainter and fainter grows the music as the exulting spirit prepares to wing its flight. The last chord is trembling; it fades — fades! The old man sleeps!

WILL OF CASTLETON.

SMILE O'ER THE DEAD.

BY JENNY MARSH.

Smile o'er the dead,
 Chide back thy wild sorrow,
 Thy dread of the morrow,
 Dreary and long,
 When thou wilt be missing
 One that is gone;
 But press the white brow
 More tenderly now,
 And thank thy kind FATHER
 For calling her home.

Lift the cold hands,
 And clasp the white fingers,
 As if there still lingered
 Welcome for thee.
 Oh! clasp them more warmly,
 Though icy they be,
 For they have been near thee,
 To comfort and cheer thee,
 When thy bark was wrecking
 Afar on the sea.

Rochester, N. Y.

Smile on the dead;
 Yes, smile when ye miss her —
 That pure, gentle sister:
 Weep that ye stay,
 To be but a mourner
 Of a dark day.
 But yearn in thy weakness
 For her holy meekness,
 And her angel spirit
 To guard thee always.

Smile o'er the dead;
 Not thine be the weeping
 O'er one that is sleeping
 Unburdened of care;
 Nor chide thy heart's yearning
 To rest by her there;
 But smile o'er the pillow
 Of her that is blest,
 And ask God to call thee
 When His thinketh best.

SWITZERLAND: ON THE ROAD.

BY ROBERT M. RICHARDSON.

STAGE EFFECTS.

THE halt was of long enough duration to change horses, and the *air* of the eil-wagon. The latter operation was conducted exclusively by John Bull, who was for leaping out in an instant, and poking about in pursuit of ventilation with an energy that would have won him honor in a better cause.

Having flung wide both doors, through which the clouds streamed forth as if impelled by the conflagration of a barn — giving forth the effluvia of a Cuban plantation — he went within doors to *visit the beer of the country*, which was somewhat of the stalest. Meantime, the Prussian applied himself to overhauling one of his trunks, in which he assured us he had stowed away several pounds of some fine contraband tobacco. His stock having given out during the last two miles, through the agency of his wonderful pipe, rendered this fresh acquisition essential to his happiness. He dealt it around with grave good-humor, making the Frenchman and myself the liberal presents of two short, crooked pipes, with which to test the excellence of the vaunted weed. Picture the surprise of the Briton when he reappeared, smacking his lips and buttoning his upper-Benjamin, picture his foolish face, while he stood before the reinforcement of the cloud-compellers! A hunter in the West, who has blundered into a group of Sioux in one of their nocturnal councils with the *calumet*, could hardly have evinced more perfect consternation.

‘Hah! at it again, I see,’ began he, in a tone that sounded quite sepulchral, though no doubt intended to be pleasant; while two great bottles clinked chorus from the depths of his tail-pockets.

‘*Sapristi! ça va mieux,*’ chuckled the Gaul, handing over the residuum stock of his execrable segars to the postillion, by way of *pour-boire*, while his eyes twinkled most evilly at our hero through a voluminous burst of smoke from his new mouth-piece. ‘I have long pined for a pipe,’ added he.

And now *en route* once more. A few easy pulls at the great Prussian’s pipe (which discharged about as much smoke each round as a small field-piece) speedily rendered the quality of air as vaporous as before. But, to the Frenchman’s evident disappointment, his *vis-à-vis*, John Bull, now appeared rather less disconsolate, and in rather better case than previously to the halt. The two bottles speedily clinked forth from their hiding-places, and the fortunate possessor recommenced the work of refreshment and recuperation, with many an amorous kiss that absorbed the neck of each by turns. I confess that his proceedings were, to me, an unbounded revelation of the capabilities of human hunger, thirst, and *tension*. But to see him come forth fresh and clear, after having

drained six bottles of different wines, perplexed and chagrined the son of Gaul beyond measure.

'Monsieur appears to enjoy his repast,' began he, breaking a watchful silence, with a displeased glance at each morsel as it was consigned to its voracious bourse.

'Eh?' said the *franc étourdi*, imbibing a deep-dyed liquid with a gurgling sound, and instantly afterward striking his repeater sharply. 'You have reason, Monsieur, and so have I. I tell you, gentlemen, that, for one, I can't help, when I reflect upon my actual condition, avowing myself perfectly happy. Why, just consider: here am I, in the flower of my age, in the enjoyment of perfect health, free of responsibilities, and absolutely independent. Beside this, I am a man of much experience; I command respect, am opulent and lucky in love and the world generally. Ought I not to be passably well satisfied?'

'*Pekin!*' muttered the Pole.

'*Saute Marquis!* you reason like the late Pythagoras,' rejoined the perfidious Frenchman, with the slightest inflection of sarcasm in his voice. 'Evidently, *Monsieur a du foin dans ses bottes*. As for *nous autres*, poor devils, we are driven to employ a very different philosophy. A Pole is no favorite of Plutus, and a Frenchman may claim the privilege of the poor traveller in Juvenal. '*Cantat vacuus coram latrone viator.*' For such as us, ardor, address, and audacity suffice; *la véritable Providence ici-bas c'est nous-mêmes*, is the best of our belief. To be born a Briton is *toute autre chose*.'

'Ahem!' replied the dupe of self-importance, emboldened into a new attempt upon the window; but the inevitable pudgy hand went forth again, and Tantalus fell back one more. *Une morne silence*. 'Sir,' inquired he, blandly, of the old monster, 'may I be allowed to know where you bought the band upon your cap?'

'In *Wien*, Monsieur; why?'

'I had hoped it was in Switzerland, because I have engaged a *Swiss* to travel with me, and for the life of me I cannot purchase him a suitable livery in these primitive parts. Now that band caught my eye as soon as —'

He paused as if a paralysis had at that moment stricken the roots of his tongue. Well, indeed, might he! and may heaven deliver me from ever again encountering the baleful look which those *épuisé* pig-lead eyes shot forth! I think he showed his teeth: certain I am that his pipe cracked; smoke issued from his nose in a dark stream.

It was an Ossianique spectacle to see the old monster stirred up in the caverns of his wrath. We all started with some emotion; even the phlegmatic Prussiann drew himself more erectly, while the *insulaire* seemed actually to slink into half his size.

'For God's sake,' whispered he to his *vis-à-vis*, 'let him know that I meant nothing at all — that —'

'*Peut-être*,' supplied the Frank, drily, '*mais soyez tranquille, mon brave.*'

For an eternal minute of exquisite horror did anger seem to reek and escape through all the pores of the ugly Austrian. Happily, his was

one of those tight-rope characters which either soon break or lose elasticity. At the very verge of spontaneous combustion, which threatened his very existence, *his pipe broke*, or rather exploded, with *éclat*. A charm was the effect. Quick as thought was calm restored ; reason resumed its empire, and the old Hyrcanian tiger became a (comparative) lamb.

It was a lesson, however, of which our hero would have been wise to provoke no repetition. But man is an animal which instructs itself only by its own actual experience. The entire record of his chuckle-headed contumaciousness yet remains to be written.

As we were within a few miles of the next relay, he stooped down to draw on a pair of boots which had lately been discarded in favor of a pair of furred slippers. This manœuvre he went through not without much hauling, pulling, tugging, and intermittent jerks, which gave rise to a series of internal struggles, sighs, convulsions, and rending groans. His exertions seemed intensified by the narrow field of their operation. The veins of his temples were knotted, and his cheeks were deep maroon. Now, it so happening that the Pole took it into his head at the same time to try the same experiment on his own feet with his old military top-boots, the two prancing gentlemen were jolted into a brisk collision ; in the course of which a top-boot descended with great impetus upon the toes of our hero, who instantly broke silence with a suppressed howl.

'Pardon, Monsieur !' remarked the *militaire*, quietly surveying his victim, without desisting from his employment.

There are some modes in which one's toes may be assaulted with comparative impunity. Understand me, atrocious Sir, whom I see stroking your moved moustaches, it is *always* a dire misdeed, and far from me be it to detract a tittle from its enormity. What I would intimate is merely that the scrape, the trip, and the *faux pas* are among the lightest forms of this heaviest of all social misdemeanors. But, on the other hand, the deliberate tread of a person retreating upon you until his unmitigated heel settles with the emphasis of a corner-stone upon the three minor toes of your favorite foot, is, of all the little miseries of life, the hardest to excuse. Confident am I, that, had the ancients worn modern military boots, instead of their downy buskins, they would hardly have failed to enumerate this press-punishment in the list of infernal torments. On earth, at least, it seems as if nothing short of the instantaneous prostration of the body of the aggressor can appease your anguish. Now, precisely of the last-mentioned form was the action I relate. The iron heel fixed upon the three toes in question, and ground down upon them with all the rancor, as it were, of an old grudge. No wonder if the maddened Bull conceived, with a wince, that the off-hand apology wanted the *weight* of the offence.

'Pardon, Monsieur,' repeated the Pole, this time pausing with a perfunctory and reedy bow, and looking the other very deliberately in the eyes.

'Monsieur l'Anglais, I have twice done you the honor to offer an apology quite *comme il faut*. You are the proper judge of its efficiency. But if any other reparation can be rendered, you have but to allude to

it,' and forthwith he drew out his card with practised ease and grace. It may be remarked that under their faultless exterior of urbanity, the Poles still preserve a leaven of the savage and barbarian. In the display of their politeness, as well as in the ardor of their resentments, they constantly betray their extraction of Scythian and Sarmatian—the *Sarmatorum virtus veluti extra ipsos*, of which Tacitus has spoken.

'*C'est à dire*,' rejoined the Bull warmly, 'that you are perfectly ready to shoot me through the head for being too sensible to your demonstration on my feet. I do not doubt you, sir. Nor shall I soon forget the *shooting pains* you have occasioned me already.'

After this despairing attempt at *calembourg*, which was received with a *rire jaune* all round, the valiant victim sat down with a fine specimen of side-scowl on his brow, and commenced humming a north-easterly air at the resounding window.

The window is doubtless an admirable subterfuge for one who is provoked; but whom good-breeding obliges to restrain himself. Thither you may retire with all the pent-up wrath of Achilles in your burning bosom; and, without being guilty of actual rudeness, is there not a diabolical delight in turning your supercilious back upon the baffled foes who would annoy you? There may you sit, as in a magic circle—your eyes apparently engaged in watching the outer world; albeit their vision is inverted and immersed in the unwholesome recesses of your own brooding soul. There is, indeed, 'no speculation in such eyes.' Yet you feel that your action is comprehended, and this is secret consolation—oh! how sweet!

But then, the window should be *open*. Now, the physiology of the window of our history was the reverse of open; as I believe I have hinted half-a-dozen times already. Moreover, every time the *etourdi* had hitherto ventured in favor of a change, an inevitable hand had interfered to maintain the casement *in statu quo*. But by this time there was no concealing the fact that John Bull was as replete with beer, wine, coffee, comfits, cognac, paté, and tobacco-smoke, as the interior of any *estaminet* in the *fauxbourg*s of Paris. Like his great royal *compatriot*, the narrator of battles was long since thoroughly disgusted with these 'weak *piping* times of peace,' in which at present he moved and had his being. Certes, it was made manifest that however valiant and fluent in deeds of battle, the Bull was at present as little of a hero as gentle King Jamie, who under similar circumstances declared, that if the devil ever came to see him, he would give him a pipe to smoke. His dry cough and sneeze resembled the embryo efforts of an infant volcano. What with the effects of rage and his other miseries he was fain once more to adhibit a breath of pure air upon his deteriorated lungs. No one was looking, except the Frenchman, who never released his quarry from his falcon glance. So, with an action the rapid dexterity of which a juggler might have envied, the Bull now again elevated the pane which closed out his happiness. Indeed he had temptation.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE LOST PRINCE: Facts tending to prove the Identity of Louis the Seventeenth of France, and the Rev. ELEAZAR WILLIAMS, Missionary among the Indians of North America. By JOHN H. HANSON. In one volume: pp. 479. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Number Ten, Park-Place.

LOUIS THE SEVENTEENTH: His Life, Sufferings, and Death. By M. BEAUCHESNE. In one volume: pp. 289. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE have hitherto abstained from any allusion, in these pages, to the mooted question as to the lost Bourbon Prince, although we have read the arguments for and against the assumption that we have a real 'Bourbon among us.' A correspondent, however, as he conceives with entire impartiality in the matter, has sent us '*A Charge to the Jury of the Public in the Dauphin Case*,' which we lay at once before our readers. The opinion of 'Old KNICK,' C. J., in the mean time, is 'reserved':

'DISCLAIMING any belief in its political importance, we purpose to review this historical question. As a romance, it has become tedious: dignified as a question of history, it must always possess interest. Upon it, we intend to proffer no theory, and to express no opinion. The rival parties have had their claims elaborately argued by able advocates, and the evidence upon which each rests is in a form easily to be examined. Assuming ourselves competent to extract its leading points, we intend to sum up this case, and lay down the law and the facts for the decision of that jury known as Public Opinion.

'Singularly, these works, written without collusion, and from the most opposite motives, appear at the same time. Singularly, too, the writers are advocates rather than historians. Each claims to be laboring to establish an historical truth, but each is only a counsellor engaged in trying a great historical cause. They labor without fee or reward. The client of the one sleeps in the obscure cemetery St. Marguerite: that of the other toils in the wilderness of the new world, to save the souls of a race ruined and forsaken.

'And first, as to the law. There are two kinds of evidence: positive and circumstantial. Positive is that which establishes a fact directly, without the aid of surrounding circumstances. Circumstantial is that which establishes a fact by establishing circumstances from which the fact must be inferred. If a man is found in a room, shot through the heart, and a witness swears that he was in an adjoining hall and saw the prisoner fire the shot, this evidence is positive. If one witness swears that the shot

could not have been fired by the deceased, a second that the sound of a shot was heard in that room at a certain hour, a third that at that hour the prisoner was seen leaving the premises, a fourth that a pistol recently discharged was found upon the prisoner, and a fifth that the prisoner bore ill-feeling toward the deceased: this evidence would be circumstantial. Strange as it may seem, the latter has been found the safest and the surest. The reason is, that where a fact depends directly upon the statement of a witness, all depends upon his memory, his correctness, and his truthfulness. In the case we are considering, the position of M. BEAUCHESNE depends almost wholly on positive evidence: that of Mr. HANSON almost wholly upon circumstantial.

'Where evidence is conflicting, a jury must do one of three things: Firstly, they must reconcile it: or, secondly, they must believe one of the witnesses mistaken: or, thirdly, they must believe one of the witnesses perjured. The jury must resort to these in their order, and it is only where the facts imperatively require it that perjury will be imputed. To illustrate: should two witnesses testify that they saw the prisoner at a certain hour on a certain day, the one at the Battery and the other at Union-Square, there would be a contradiction. But should the first add that he saw the prisoner getting into a Broadway omnibus, we would reconcile these statements by supposing a slight error as to time. Should, however, the second witness testify that he saw the prisoner at Washington, we would be compelled to think one of them mistaken as to the man. Should the witnesses aver that they each knew the prisoner intimately, that they spoke to him, and that, as before, on a certain day and at a certain hour, he was at two different places, the facts would be irreconcilable, a mistake not presumable, and one or the other of the witnesses guilty of perjury. In judging of testimony, the jury will test it by its weight and character: *testes ponderantur non numerantur*, is the maxim that will govern.

'And now, as to the facts. In every case there are some facts upon which the parties agree. In this one, they agree in the general outline, up to a certain day. That day is the thirty-first of May, 1795. According to the one, Louis Seventeenth continued in his prison until the eighth of June following, and then died. According to the other, Louis Seventeenth was removed about the first of June, and another child substituted in his place. It is the office of M. BEAUCHESNE to establish the death of Louis Seventeenth in the Temple, and the office of Mr. HANSON to establish the escape of Louis Seventeenth from the Temple, and his identity with the Rev. ELEAZAR WILLIAMS.

'But before proceeding to examine the facts which form the links in the chain of circumstantial evidence, we will examine the positive evidence on which M. BEAUCHESNE relies. This, it is to be noted, makes out his whole case. The witnesses who testify are two: LASNE and GOMIN. They tell us they were the attendants of the prince, the one from the thirty-first of March, 1793, and the other from the eighth of November, 1794, to the day of his death. This much, the opposing counsel does not dispute. They farther minutely describe the condition of the prince from the fifth to the eighth of June;* and then his last moments, and the hour and the minute when he died. In the elegant language of the counsel, 'LASNE put his hand upon the heart of the child. The heart of Louis Seventeenth had ceased to beat. It was two hours and a quarter after mid-day.' As these persons were both in the Temple before the thirty-first of May, it is evident that they both knew the real prince. As they were constantly and solely in attendance, it is evident that no exchange could have been brought about without their knowledge. As they testify explicitly and positively that no exchange did take place, and that Louis Seventeenth died on the eighth of June, in the Temple, there is no ground for mistake. We must therefore conclude that Louis Seventeenth died as they describe, or that their statements are wilfully false.

'This evidence is most important, and demands a careful scrutiny. It was first given in ordinary statements, made at various times after the death of the child. It farther appears sanctioned by the solemnity of a judicial oath, and sifted by the acumen of a judicial examination. Lastly, M. BEAUCHESNE sought them out in their old age, and

* There is a blank in BEAUCHESNE's account, from the first to the fifth.

procured a farther declaration, in which they assert the truth of their former statements, and solemnly declare, that having spoken the truth all their lives, they will not utter a falsehood as they are approaching the grave. No material discrepancies exist in the several statements of each, or the different statements of both. Their testimony seems frank and explicit. There is nothing on its face to indicate falsehood or concealment. Excepting a conflicting statement in the account of the autopsy between LASNE and PELATAN, which can readily be ascribed to mistake; excepting a discrepancy in their statements as to the silence of the prince, which is susceptible of explanation, were the witnesses before us; and excepting the circumstances connected with their appointment as attendants on the prince, which we will hereafter consider, the ingenious counsel who has scrutinized and re-scrutinized their testimony, has pointed out nothing which can excite suspicion. Without expressing or implying an opinion as to the truth or falsity of this testimony, we charge the jury that it must require very strong proof to overturn such evidence as this.

‘Let us pass to the other evidence. The prince was confined, with the royal family, in a prison called the Temple. At first he was left with the other members of the family; but on the night of the third of July, 1793, he was removed, and from that time imprisoned alone. The reader will not forget the heart-rending picture which M. BEAUCHESNE has drawn of this separation. In all the pictures, painful and revolting, of that blood-stained period, there is none more painful and revolting than this. MARIE ANTOINETTE, standing before her judges, and saying, with a sublime pathos unequalled in the annals of womanly eloquence: ‘I was a queen, and you dethroned me; I was a wife, and you murdered my husband; I was a mother, and you have torn my children from me: I have nothing left but my blood: make haste to take it!’—commands not half the pity, as, with her arms twined around her frightened child, she shrieked that they could not be separated. The character of the revolution is written in this alone: *for a political offence, a child was condemned to solitary confinement!*

‘Believing the evidence of M. BEAUCHESNE, we assume that the prince was gay, talented, and possessed of unusual intelligence. Both of the counsel agree, that during the latter part of his confinement, he hardly spoke. The first point of difference relates to this fact. M. BEAUCHESNE ascribes it to a resolution which, if true, is an instance of childish heroism grander than the genius of dramatist has ever drawn. The prince had been compelled to make a deposition against his mother and his aunt, so horrible that the pens of most historians have refused to record it. Yielding to threats and violence, yet fully aware of the evil that was done, it is supposed that thenceforth he closed his young lips with a determination that nothing could overcome.

‘From that fatal day, according to M. BEAUCHESNE, LOUIS Seventeenth never spoke. An unbroken silence reigned over the remnant of his young life, and sealed his self-reproach and self-devotion. According to Mr. HANSON, this silence was the effect of imbecility produced by grief, illness, and confinement. Whether the explanation of the latter be correct or not, the position of the former clearly cannot be sustained. It appears by his own evidence, that the principles of the child had been undermined. The wretched queen, we are told, having found an aperture in the wall of the yard where he was allowed a daily walk, watched for hours that she might see her son. When he appeared, the work of his keepers again wrenched the wretched mother’s heart. His fair hair had been cut short: he wore the red cap of the revolutionists, and sang disgusting songs, and uttered fearful blasphemies; songs and blasphemies that his teachers had taught him with blows and curses. An improbability not to be shaken by conjecture instantly arises. It is impossible that, at such an age, one whose moral nature had been thus polluted would suddenly alter and retrieve. Beside this, the question is completely put at rest by M. BEAUCHESNE himself, for he relates conversations of the prince with BEL-LANGER and PELATAN, on trivial subjects, wholly at variance with a resolution betokening in a child such terrible earnestness. These conversations, it is to be remarked, took place subsequent to the thirty-first of May, and it is claimed by Mr. HANSON, that the child with whom they were held was not the imbecile prince who for twenty-three months had lain a silent prisoner in the Temple. Upon this point, we fortunately have

evidence beyond dispute. The eminent physician DESAULT attended the prince up to the thirty-first of May. He had known him and been his medical attendant before his imprisonment. His character is beyond suspicion, and his evidence above doubt. Both parties agree that his testimony is to be taken as absolute truth. DESAULT found the prince worn and emaciated, showing little intelligence, and preserving a continued silence. Although he made every effort to arouse his faculties and win his affection, the child gave no stronger sign of mental power than feebly taking hold of his coat as he was about leaving the room. On the night of the twenty-ninth of May, DESAULT died. Subsequently to this, the child in the Temple seems to have talked frequently, as is shown by at least LASNE, GORMIN, and BELLANGER, and the physicians, PELATAN and DUMAGIN. These witnesses are produced by M. BEAUCHESE, and he is estopped from questioning their veracity. But apart from this, their evidence is conclusive.

'M. BEAUCHESE, in effect, admits a change; for he explains it by saying that the child was removed to a light and pleasant apartment. To this, Mr. HANSON replies, that he had been indulged by a daily walk for several months, while the silence continued, and that instead of being convalescent, he was then rapidly approaching his end. Nor had his disease been subject to sudden changes, as the account of the first visit of LAURENT, nearly a year before his death, sufficiently shows. 'The noise around him,' says LAURENT, 'made him tremble, but he did not stir. He answered no question. He was conscious of nothing. He breathed. His open eyes had no expression. Their color had changed. He had the look not of a fool, but of an idiot.' In addition to this, the evidence of the physicians shows that the child dissected by them had died with unimpaired intellect. 'The brain and its dependencies,' says the *Procès Verbal*, 'were in their most perfect integrity.' Without passing upon the reasoning, or drawing an inference from the facts, we must say, that the evidence incontrovertibly shows that on or about the first of June, a sudden change took place, and continued till his death. This the jury will note as the first established fact in the case.

'Next in the chain of circumstantial evidence is the alleged change in the physical condition of the prince. The evidence is produced by Mr. BEAUCHESE, and relied on by Mr. HANSON. It may be summed up in two sentences. First, DESAULT testifies that the prince had 'the germ of scrofulous affection,' and that the malady had 'scarcely imprinted its seal on his constitution, nor manifested itself with any violent symptoms, neither vast ulcers, nor rebellious ophthalmias, nor chronic swellings of the joints.' Secondly, the four surgeons who, ten days after the last visit of DESAULT, made the post-mortem examination, after fully stating the appearance of the body, testify that all the appearances were 'evidently the effects of a scrofulous disease of long standing, and to which the death of the child should be attributed.' In support of these opinions respectively, we find, firstly, that DESAULT applied gentle remedies up to the twenty-ninth of May, recommended air and exercise, and, according to the Duchess D'ANGUELEME, 'undertook to cure' the prince. Secondly, that PELATAN, on the fifth of June, found the child so low that he instantly called in a consulting physician — M. DUMAGIN, chief physician of the Hospital of the Unity. The eminence of all of these physicians precludes a doubt as to professional errors or intentional misrepresentations. We have the undoubted proof that a very great change took place in a period of seven days, which is not noticed, explained, or mentioned by the attendants, LASNE and GOMIN, and which was entirely different from that slow decay that had previously marked the disease. Whether these facts can be reconciled, is for our jury to say.

'In addition to this, Mr. HANSON advances an argument relating to the tumors on the joints of the prince. It is founded on a difference between those described by the officials and by the *Procès Verbal*. This difference Mr. HANSON assumes rather than states. The evidence, however, shows a discrepancy. Says LAURENT, 'Both his knees and his elbows were covered with tumors.' This was in July, 1794. Says the *Procès Verbal*, 'On the inner side of the right knee we remarked a tumor, without change of color to the skin, and another tumor, less voluminous, upon the *osradius*, near the *wrist*, on the left side.' This was in June, 1795. This discrepancy our jury will also weigh.

'We may here notice an instance of that species of testimony called 'hearsay,' which

is never allowed as evidence. A soldier is said to have visited the prince, and to have recognized him, and to have conversed with him about a review of the corps of boys, which was one of his royal playthings before the Revolution. This is told by M. BEAUCHESNE. Another soldier is said to have visited the child, and found that it was not the prince, but an older and very different-looking child. This is quoted by Mr. HANSON. Each of the counsel, with lawyer-like dexterity, does not allude to the witness of his adversary. Were it necessary, we might regard the one story as balancing the other. But it is not. The statements are mere hearsay, and we reject both.

Let us now proceed to examine the circumstances attendant to the death or disappearance of the Dauphin. The jury, in analyzing these, will do so with reference to two points. Firstly, the inducement for, and, secondly, the possibility of, an escape.

It is unnecessary to advert to the revolution. The dauphin was a prisoner in the Temple. The object of the imprisonment was to prevent his adherents from reërecting and himself from re-ascending the former throne. In every mind this question instantly arises: At a time when the best blood of France dripped from the scaffold which the era had erected, when MARIE ANTOINETTE, standing before an assembly of men in the sacred character of a defenceless woman, and appealing to her sex in the sacred names of wife and mother, could awaken not one ray of pity; when Madame ELIZABETH, known only for her charities and virtues, was the last of *twenty-five women* as innocent as herself, who on one morning bowed to the guillotine, why should a government familiar with such crimes hesitate to destroy the life of a defenceless child?

Folia qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas! Mr. HANSON seems to have overlooked this point; but in the evidence of M. BEAUCHESNE it sufficiently appears. First, The government separated the prince from the rest of his family. Secondly, they appointed a keeper—a friend of MARAT, known from his hatred of the royal race. Thirdly, this man was obliged to become a prisoner in the Temple. He was not even allowed to go to his own home except when guarded by a file of soldiers. Fourthly, the government set apart as large a sum for the expenses of keeping and guarding the child as for all the other members of the family. Fifthly, A system of espionage was established, intricate, troublesome, and expensive. Paris was divided into forty districts; from each district one commissioner was elected. A commissioner visited the Temple each day, and each commissioner visited it but once. With his single visit, his term of office ended. Sixthly, Toward the end of the supposed existence of the prince, the three most eminent physicians in France were appointed his attendants. Whatever was the motive an intent of preservation is apparent.

All of this is proven by M. BEAUCHESNE. A motive is inferred by Mr. HANSON. He offers evidence to show that a secret treaty had been entered into for giving up the prince to the Vendean leaders. This was to take effect on the thirteenth of June. The evidence is not as conclusive as could be wished; but, as it is not contradicted, we assume it as sufficient. If it were so, one of these three things must take place: Firstly, it must be performed; or, secondly, it must be broken; or, thirdly, it must be evaded. It could be evaded but in one of two ways. First, is by death; second, by an escape. That the government neither wished to break or perform the treaty is unquestionable; that it did not seek to evade it by the death of the dauphin is proved by the attendance of the physicians. One inducement for an escape may therefore be inferred, should the evidence of these facts, in the opinion of the jury, sustain them.

A farther inducement is also claimed by Mr. HANSON. The Count de PROVENCE was the uncle of the prince, and, in case of his death, his heir. He was an unscrupulous man, impressed with the belief that he was to succeed to the throne. It is said that a mysterious missive left with him on the night of the birth of the first dauphin, and foreshowing his death, informed the Count of the future event. From these, and less material facts, it is argued by Mr. HANSON that the Count de PROVENCE wished to obtain possession of the prince in such a manner that he would no longer remain his only obstacle to the throne. Assuming this to be so, it is plain that the government might resort to it as a plan that would accomplish two things—an evasion of the Vendean

treaty, and the political destruction of the dauphin. From these facts, then, may be inferred a second motive or inducement.

'The evidence showing that there might have been a motive for the escape of the dauphin leads us, in examining the circumstances, to the question whether it ever occurred.

'It appears that the discipline of the prison was altered and relaxed. Instead of SIMON, LAURENT, and afterward GOMIN and LASNE, were appointed the attendants of the child. The change was made on the fall of ROBESPIERRE, and eleven months before the dauphin's escape or death. Other persons were also allowed to see the child, and among them was a man named BELLENGER. This man, it seems, from the account of M. BEAUCHESNE, visited the prince on the first of June, and was allowed to spend an hour with him in the absence of the commissioner. During this interview, it seems, he conversed with the child and took a likeness of him.

'This brings us to what is a very strong point in Mr. HANSON's case. We have seen the Count de PROVENCE was interested in obtaining possession of his nephew, and might have been so from the worst of motives. It is an undoubted fact that he at that time had emissaries in Paris, foremost among whom was the Count de FENOUIL. Now it is shown by M. BEAUCHESNE, and claimed by Mr. HANSON, that, of the three persons who were in attendance on the prince, GOMIN was a royalist, LASNE, a moderate republican, afterward employed by the Count de PROVENCE, while BELLENGER had been his ornamental painter. It is also claimed that these persons obtained an entrance to the prison of the dauphin through the intrigues of the Count de FENOUIL. This raises a strong presumption of the intent on the part of the Count de PROVENCE to procure the escape of the dauphin, and, on the part of the government, to connive at it. Whether the intent ever became a deed will be for the jury to determine when it is weighed with the other circumstances of the case.

'But at this time, a very startling event occurred in this drama. DESAULT, within a few hours of his last visit to the prince, died. It is again to be remarked that he was personally acquainted with the prince, was a physician of eminent reputation, and a man of stainless integrity. M. BEAUCHESNE asserts that he died of ataxique fever; Mr. HANSON, that he was poisoned by the government. Aside from the singularity of his death at this particular time, Mr. HANSON produces no evidence except statements said to have been made in this country several years ago, by M. ABEILLE, the pupil of DESAULT. This evidence must be rejected for two reasons: firstly, that it is mere hearsay, and that of the vaguest kind; and, secondly, it is the mere opinion of a witness, without containing those facts from which others could deduce their own conclusion. Had we a statement of ABEILLE, setting forth facts, and were it shown that he could not be produced, we might admit this testimony; as it is, we cannot. But there is one very startling circumstance to be noted, which seems almost entirely to have escaped Mr. HANSON's attention, vigilant as it is — and that is, that the death of DESAULT was falsified purposely in the records of the government. Whatever may have been the motive, it was registered (as is shown by BEAUCHESNE) four days later than it actually occurred. During these four days no physician attended the prince, and of them the account of M. BEAUCHESNE is silent. There is certainly a singular mystery here.

'At any other time this evidence would be insufficient to raise the presumption of so foul a crime. At that time all presumptions in favor of innocence on the part of the government cease. Yet, without finding the government guilty of the death of DESAULT, the jury will be borne out in assuming it guilty of some criminal act or purpose. *Omnia presumantur contra spoliatores.*

'Accompanying this act of the government is another not clearly substantiated, but, if true, clearly suspicious. It is a police order of the same date requiring the arrest of all children travelling, of or about the age of the dauphin. This is sought to be established in two ways; firstly, by a statement of M. GUERRIERE, that, when a child, he was travelling in France, and was stopped under the order; and, secondly, by the statement of a newspaper correspondent, that the police records of Paris show that such an order was actually issued. In the strict letter of the law this evidence is not suffi-

cient; but, as it can be easily disproved if untrue, we will admit the latter as making a *prima-facie* case, and the former as corroborating it. If, however, it should hereafter be discovered that this statement is untrue, the whole of this evidence must be stricken out.'

The remainder of this charge will be delivered on the first day of next term. The jury, in the mean time, are requested not to read any public newspapers, nor to converse with any one in relation to the case.

LIFE AND SAYINGS OF MRS. PARTINGTON, AND OTHERS OF THE FAMILY. Edited by B. P. SHILLABER, of the 'Boston Post.' In one volume: pp. 384. New-York: J. C. DERBY, Number Eight, Park-Place.

THIS is as genuine a book as ever need to be. It is thoroughly original, and as full of fun as an egg of meat. MRS. PARTINGTON'S sayings and doings are known and appreciated from the shores of the Pacific to the rocky ramparts of the Bay of Fundy; and the echoes of her cheerful philosophy come back to us from abroad, in the journals of Great Britain. Blessings on her good old soul!—she is like herself *alone*. She has had imitators, but to use her own expression, they were no more to be compared with *her* than the 'Hyperion Fluid to a Satire!' Neither MRS. LAVINIA RAMSBOTTOM nor MRS. MALAPROP, those strong-minded women, excel her. As we have said, she is without a prototype or an equal. Her portrait, which fronts the title-page of the book, expresses, to the very end of her knitting-needles, the sweetness and genial benevolence of her character. And 'IKE' is not less distinctly limned, both by the author and his pictorial illustrator. In all the colloquies which he holds with the good dame, his 'situations' are always faithful and natural. There is a picture before the reader, and he cannot choose but see it. Widely as the 'sayings' of MRS. PARTINGTON have been disseminated, we cannot forego the pleasure of recording a few which we have not before encountered:

'This is grand weather, mem, for poor people,' said Mr. TIGH, the rich neighbor of Mrs. PARTINGTON, on a very warm day of winter, and indulged in a half-chuckle about it as he rubbed his hands together. It is a remark that almost every body would make, and mean it, too—at a time when coal, by the rapacity of man, was eight or nine dollars a ton, and cold weather, by the blessing of Heaven, that tempers the wind to the shorn lambs and ragged children, was withheld—but not Mrs. PARTINGTON.

'Yes,' said she, gently laying her hand at the same time on the sleeve of Mr. TIGH's coat, and looking him in the face. 'Yes, and don't folks use this good weather too much as an excuse for not helping the indignant widows and orphanless children? Depend upon it, cold weather is the best for the poor, for then the rich feel the cold, and think more of 'em, and feel more exposed to give 'em consolation and coal. Cold weather comes down from heaven o' purpose to make men feel their duty, and it touches the heart, as the frost touches the milk-pitcher and breaks it, and the milk of humane kindness runs out, and the poor are made better for it. Cold weather is a blessing to the poor, depend upon it.'

'She stopped here, and Mr. TIGH cast his eyes down and struck his cane several times against a brick at his feet; then, bidding the old lady good-morning, he moved away. There was a large 'Dr. to Sundries' on his book that night, which the book-keeper will find it difficult to explain; but Heaven knows all about it, and the secret gift, in charity, and the prayer of the poor recipient, invoking blessings on the unknown benefactor, were great records that night in the angel's book.'

"There, don't take on so, dear," said Mrs. PARTINGTON, as she handed IKE a peach he had been crying for. He took the peach, and a minute afterward, was heard whistling 'Jordan' on the ridge-pole of the shed. 'He is sich a tender-hearted critter,' said she to Mrs. SLEP, smilingly, while that excellent neighbor looked at him through the window with two deprecatory eyes: 'He is so tender-hearted that I can't ask him to go out and draw an armful of wood or split a pail of water without setting him crying at once.'

'She paused for Mrs. SLEP's mind to comprehend the whole force of the remark concerning IKE's lachrymosity.

"And he's the most considerable boy, too," resumed she, 'that ever you see; for when he had the inclination on the lungs, he would n't take a bit of the medicine Dr. BOLUS had subscribed, 'cause he knowed it would do *me* good, and said he'd full as lieves take molasses!'

'She went on with her knitting, and IKE became lost in the foot of a stocking that she was toeing out. Those grapes on the trellis opposite where IKE is sitting look tempting!'

"Diseases is very various," said Mrs. PARTINGTON, as she returned from a street-door conversation with Dr. BOLUS. 'The Doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. HAZE has got two buckles on her lungs! It is dreadful to think of, I declare. The diseases is *so* various! One way we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs; another way of the brown creatures; here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, and there about tonsors of the throat; here we hear of neurology in the head, there of an embargo; one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of tough beef in the sarcofagus, and there another kills himself by discovering his jocular vein. Things change so, that I declare I don't know how to subscribe for any disease now-a-days. New names and new nostrils takes the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old herb-bag away.'

'Fifteen minutes afterward, ISAAC had that herb-bag for a target, and broke three squares of glass in the cellar-window in trying to hit it, before the old lady knew what he was about. She did n't mean exactly what she said.'

"As regards these electrical matters," said Mrs. PARTINGTON, just before election — she lived on a main street, and the cheering and noise of parties passing her door kept her awake o' nights — 'I don't see the use of making so much fuss about it. Why don't they take some one and give him their sufferings, if he has n't got any of his own, and let him be governor till he dies, just as they do the judges, and arterward, too, as they sometimes do them, for they might as well be dead, a good many of 'em? Oh! this confusion of noise and hubbub! My poor head aches o' hearing of it, and ISAAC has got sich a cold, looking out of the window at the possessions without nothing on the head. And then what critters they all be, to be sure! — their newspapers are brim full of good resolutions, but ne'eraone of 'em did I ever know 'em to keep. They are always resolving, like the showman's resolving views, and one resolution fades away jest as quick as another comes. If I could have my way, I would' —

"Hooray! here they come!" cried IKE, breaking in upon the old lady's remarks, and banging his slate on the floor, and throwing up the window with a vehemence that broke two squares of glass.

"Hooray!" came up in a big chorus from the street, filling Mrs. PARTINGTON's little chamber, to its utmost capacity, with 'hooray,' the great element of political life.

"There they go agin," cried she, 'with their drums and lanterns, like crazy critters, and keeping folks awake when they ought to be in the arms of Murphy!'

'IKE pulled in his head and dropped the window, and the good old lady mended the fracture of the glass by a hat and a pair of pants of IKE's, with the threat of severe punishment if he ever did so again. But do you suppose she would have kept it? IKE knew better. When the glazier came in the next day to mend the window, she had to tell him the story of how it was broke, but all the blame was on the politicians.'

'Mrs. PARTINGTON had watched three-quarters of an hour for an omnibus, and she swung her umbrella as one drove up, and the driver stopped his horses near where she stood.

"Now, ISAAC," says she, feeling in her reticule for a copper, away down under the handkerchief, and snuff-box, and knitting-work, and thread-case, and needle-book, 'be a good boy, dear, while I am gone, and don't cause a constellation among the neighbors, as some boys do, and there's a cent for you; and be sure you don't lay it out extravagantly, now; and be keerful you don't break the windows; and if any body rings at the door, be sure and see who it is before you open it, because there is so many dishonest rogues about; if any porpoises come a begging give 'em what was left of the dinner, Heaven bless 'em, and much good may it do 'em! and — why, bless me! if the omnibus has n't gone off, and left me standing here in the middle of the street. Such impudence is without a parable!'

'Her spectacles gleamed indignantly down the street, after the disappearing 'bus, and, for a moment, anger had the mastery; but equanimity, like twilight, came over her mind, and she waited for the next 'bus, with calmness on her face, and her green cotton umbrella under her arm.'

'What a queer place this Boston is!' said Mrs. PARTINGTON, when she first came here from the country. 'I was walking along the street just now, and saw on a sign 'Hair-Dressing.' 'Something like guano, I guess, for the hair,' said I to myself. 'I declare, I'm a good mind to look at some.' So I went in and asked a dear, pretty young man, smelling as sweet as catnip, to let me look at some of his *hair manure*—I wanted to be as polite as possible. Gracious! how he stared at me, just as if I'd a been a Hottenpot, or a wild Arad. 'I mean your *hair-dressing*,' said I.

'Oh! ah! yes!' said he; 'set down here in the big chair, mem—scratch, perhaps, mem!'

'Scratch,' said I, completely dumbfounded; 'you saucy fellow! I can do all my own scratching, and some of yourn, too, if you say that agin—scratch, indeed!'—and I went right down the stairs.

'She never before had hinted that she stood in need of any hair tonic, though every body knew that she had worn a wig for twenty years.'

'Is the steamer signified, sir?' asked Mrs. PARTINGTON at the telegraph station.

'Yes 'm,' replied the clerk, who was busily engaged turning over the leaves of his day-book.

'Can you tell me,' continued she, 'if the queen's encroachment has taken place yet?'

'Some say she is encroaching all the time,' said the clerk, looking pleasantly at the old lady, and evidently pleased with his own smartness.

'That is n't possible,' responded the venerable dame; 'but,' said she to herself, 'how could *he* be expected to know about such things? and yet there is no reason why *he* shouldn't, for all the bars to science, 'notamy and them things, is let down now-a-days, and Natur is shown all undressed, like a puppet-show, sixpence a sight!'

'Good morning, sir,' said she, as he bowed her out; and as she passed down the stairs her mind, grasping the manifold subjects of the telegraph, queen, and facilities in science, became oblivious in a fog.'

'It is all very true, Mr. KNICKERBOTTOM,' said Mrs. PARTINGTON, as she read in the KNICKERBOCKER something concerning brevity, and simplicity of expression; 'it's true, as you say; and how many mistakes there does happen when folks don't understand each other! Why, last summer I told a dress-maker to make me a long visite, to wear, and, would you believe it, she came and staid a fortnight with me? Since then I've made it a p'int always to speak just what I say.'

'Her mouth grew down to a determined pucker at the end of the sentence, and the snuff-box was tapped energetically, as if the fortnight of unrequited bread and butter was lying heavy on her memory.'

'I never liked the Swedenvirgins,' said Mrs. PARTINGTON. She was orthodox, and always sat in the Asylum-pew in the north-east corner of the gallery, and had charge of the children in sermon time. Her raised finger was an admonition that brought young refractories to their obedience at once. Every Sunday was she there, and people expected to see the faded black bonnet above the railings, in prayer-time, as much as they did the parson. 'I never liked the Swedenvirgins; but I a'n't one that believes nothing good can come out of Lazarus, for all that. Now, there 's JENNY LIND—may Heaven shower bags of dollars on her head!—that is so very good to every body, and who sings so sweet that every body 's falling in love with her, tipsy turvy, and gives away so much to poor, indignant people. They call her an angel, and who knows but she may be a syrup in disguise, for the papers say her singing is like the music of the spears. How I should love to hear her!'

'She grasped hastily at the long bead-purse in her reticule, but an unsatisfactory response came back from it to her hopes, and she laid it back again with a sigh.'

There: without saying any thing of the jocose ROGER, the great PHILANTHROPOS, and the poetical WIDESWARTH, whose 'sayings' are bound up with Mrs. PARTINGTON's, and are worthy of the excellent company they keep, we have nevertheless said and quoted enough to show the reader what a treat is before him. We must not omit to mention the engravings. In drawing and execution they leave nothing to be desired. The volume is well printed, on good paper.

MELBOURNE, AND THE CHINCHA ISLANDS: with Sketches of Lima, and a Voyage Round the World. By GEORGE W. PECK. In one volume: pp. 294. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

EVEN were the subjects of this volume of less interest than they are, at the present moment, the work would nevertheless soon find its way to a wide circulation, from the extremely attractive style in which it is written. Few narratives of voyages to distant lands, and descriptions of countries visited, have impressed us so forcibly; the best evidence of which is the fact, that when once commenced, it is extremely difficult to lay it aside, until its perusal is accomplished; and when it *was* laid aside, through the interposition of some unexpected duty, or 'moving accident' in May-time 'settling,' 'ever as we could with haste dispatch' the interruption, we returned again, to devour the unread contents of the book. Mr. PECK is a scholar, a practised writer, a keen, although quiet observer, and a man of genuine feeling and genuine humor; and it is his wont to write as he sees and feels, and to give to clear thoughts a garb of the simplest and most effective words. Our author commenced his voyage round the world at Boston, on the eighteenth of February, of last year, and made Port PHILLIP's bay, in Australia, on which Melbourne is situated, on the twentieth of May. As no one can speak so well for the author as the author speaks for himself, we shall at once proceed to introduce him to our readers, and plunge, *in medias res*, into his book:

'We doubled the North Cape of New-Zealand, day before yesterday. About forty miles from the Cape itself there is a group of islets called 'The Three Kings,' in sight of which we passed at nightfall. Yesterday we were becalmed all day; but I could neither write, or play the violin in the cabin while the men were holystoning the poop-deck. In the afternoon, we had a passing call from a school of black-fish, whose mottled backs made them seem like a herd of cows grazing in a meadow. To-day, the wind is still light; the ocean wide and blue. I have no perpetual sense of its boundlessness. As I look back upon my voyages, it is as when I have travelled inland. Sometimes I have gone through deep woods; these are the storms. Then we have passed over high-rolling uplands; in clear, strong breezes—through a broken, rocky country in squalls; and, on such days as this, across broad plains. The sense of infinite expansion is greater in looking off upon the ocean from a promontory, or in casual glimpses from the turnings of a country road.

'Another odd effect is, that while I feel the poetry of the ocean, and the health-breathing spirit of it, my mind perversely recoils from it. I have a craving for every thing that is in opposition to it; for metaphysics, for example, or æsthetical reveries upon music, and the like. I am a living witness to the truth of the saying that '*colum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt*.' Let no one take a long voyage to *forget*—to court oblivion. The Lethe does not flow into the ocean; I doubt if there be any such river at all. But out of all this wondering at finding one's self under a new heaven, and the excitement, and dread, and expectation, and general upheaval of the elements within, there may come 'strength for what remains.' Last night the moon ascended over long, soft-outlined ranks of clouds, and the Southern Cross stood clear in the mid-heavens—emblem of patience, and hope, and mercy.'

An idea of the space and magnitude of the world's surface is briefly but forcibly conveyed in the subjoined passage:

'WHEN two Sundays come together' is not, after all, an impossible condition. To-day we pass the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude east from Greenwich, in latitude thirty-three degrees south, and now begin to reckon longitude west. Here we fuse two days into one, to correct for the twelve hours we have gained since passing the Greenwich meridian. But since New-York is in seventy-three degrees west, I have come two hundred and fifty-three degrees, and am sixteen hours and forty minutes ahead of Trinity clock—to say nothing of having spent nearly two winters in the

year. The distance home seems quite short. It is only one hundred and seven degrees of longitude, and from thirty-three degrees south to forty-one degrees north—in fact, the distance is nothing, as Mr. MICAWBER observed, ‘comparatively speaking.’

Our author seems not to have alarmed himself a great deal about the dangers of the ocean. In a heavy gale of wind, he writes: ‘In half an hour, or less, we shall be lying-to in a gale and a very heavy sea; a state of things it may be pleasant to read of—in case we survive it, and the others that may succeed it. Otherwise, geologists estimate the average depth of the ocean to be about five miles!’ There’s consolation for you! Leaving to the reader the pleasure of tracing our voyager’s way to the antipodes, we will ‘present him’ as a spectator of manners and customs in Melbourne:

‘It was not my fortune to meet Mr. MICAWBER, or his distinguished son, WILKINS MICAWBER, Esq., in Melbourne, though I encountered many who had evidently formed themselves upon the senior gentleman’s model; whose every-day conversation might almost have sprung from his own eloquent lips, or emanated from his facile pen. The speech of the English Commercial Traveller, alias Bagman, will doubtless one day become the universal language. The bagman penetrates into all regions, however remote, where sales can be effected at a remunerative commission; his object is to effect such sales. Through him the producer is not a producer only, but the maker of his market. He manufactures, the consumer consumes; but not fast enough; the commercial traveller finds occupation in cramming him. He, in fact, produces the consumer. He combines; he separates; he gluts the market: he drains it; he bulls; he bears; he elevates; he depresses—all the while calculating his per centages in a little pocket-book. He is ready to operate in any description of property, personal, real, or choses in action; coals, Colr’s pistols, books, brick-bats, bullocks: he knows of a ‘party’ who holds them for a sum certain, and who will, if pressed, even fall un-certainly for the sake of a cash transaction. This word ‘party’ is the bagman’s shibboleth, his talismanic word, without which his whole species would vanish into the elements. With him, individual men or women are not persons; he knows and thinks of them only as ‘parties.’

This word, which is in universal use in Melbourne, and which I observed to be used in the same way by new arrivals from Glasgow, Liverpool, and London, sounds oddly enough to ears unaccustomed to the jargon of trade. A man or woman is a ‘party’ in Melbourne; and *vice versa*: the words are used interchangeably. ‘Excuse me, I was to meet a ‘party’ at ten—a gentleman from Sydney.’ ‘What ‘party’ was that you were walking with this morning?’ (meaning, what young lady?) ‘You recollect, Mr. JONES, the ‘party’ I introduced you to,’ etc., etc. The associations of the word are extremely picturesque. I thought of substituting it in the poets; as, for example:

‘He was a party, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.’

‘His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This is a party!*’

‘What a piece of work is a party!’

‘PARTIES of all sorts take a pride to gird at me.’

‘Of party’s first disobedience, and the fruit.’

‘A PARTY’s a party for a’ that.’

‘There are no viler words in any language than those introduced from the forms of law and commerce. In this particular one there is something so suggestive of contracts and bargaining, as well as such a want of definiteness, that it is singularly unpleasant.’

Snobbish English travellers—exceptions, of course, to the true English gentlemen who have been among us—have had a good deal to say concerning the manner in which English words are misused in America. Perhaps they had better look at home; for Australia is a home for the same classes that possess or lack a home in ‘Lenden, ye kno.’ Our friend the ‘Howadji’ went into a clothing-store in London to purchase a waistcoat. He modestly, and

in a low tone, announced his wishes; when a loud-voiced cockney clerk called out to the 'weskit department,' 'Show this party a oncommon fine pattern of a weskit! — *that way*, Sir!' — and the 'party' was waved back to a second cockney, who took him 'in' and 'did' for him. But there are other lingual peculiarities in Melbourne:

'The which?' instead of 'what?' when the hearer does not distinctly understand what is said, is another vile phrase to ears of Americans. As, also, the never-omitted phrase, 'mind ye,' introduced in a peculiarly triumphant tone, whenever one person sets another right; as, 'I was an hour riding to Collingwood.' 'The which?' 'It took me an hour to ride to Collingwood.' 'Indeed!' 'Ay, but mind ye, how muddy it was.' Hardly any answer to a question is complete without this 'mind ye.' At home we never use it, except to impress a command upon children, or in reply, where we mean to be rather positive and crowing. It would, of course, be ill-mannered to insinuate that there may be a spice of those qualities congenital in what the Quarterly Reviewers are fond of styling the 'British mind.'

'But that Mr. MICAWBER has visited Melbourne is apparent, not so much from peculiar words and phrases, as in the manner and tone of intercourse generally. The rolling, oratorical voice, loud enough in common conversation to fill an auction-room; the magnifying lens of mind, through which all occurrences take on a fictitious importance; the ah, in short, extremely inflated views of that gentleman in all statements respecting his transactions and business-prospects, are as characteristic of the daily Melbourne walk and conversation as they were of his. You shall be introduced to a 'party' — a gentleman; he asks you to dine, 'and be particular to come at four.' You go punctually, and find the gentleman in a tent filled with second-hand rubbish, a box to sit upon, and another for a table, up to his ankles in mud, surprised to see you, and utterly oblivious about the dinner. Perhaps he fishes up some red ink, which you must sip, for it is very choice claret. (I intended to have preserved a vial of some shown me by a friend, for Mr. BARNUM.) After a reasonable while, you, pretending only an accidental call, retire, thinking you have learned something. But no, every day brings fresh developments.'

A small touch of Australian quasi-politics may net be amiss here; for there has been a good deal of speculation thereabout in the United States:

'AMERICANS, on their first arrival there, hear an immense deal of disloyalty and radicalism. The class of all-knowing talkers flatter them by pretending to look upon them as the harbingers of separation and rebellion. 'You are coming,' they say, 'now we will be free!' Of course, such extreme reformers understand as little what they wish for, as they do of the means of its accomplishment.

'But it is a singular fact that Americans do not like such notions abroad so well as at home. Just as English radicals generally become ultra Tories after they have lived a short time in America, so American radicals side with law and order in English colonies. They look upon government from a different point of view; they are not blinded by the feelings, the party catch-words, and the names of canonized political saints, that obscure their judgment at home. The words 'bank,' or 'tariff,' or 'abolition' no longer excite their ire and dethrone their reason; they can offer only secret homage to their former national heroes. They soon perceive how much more practically wise they themselves are in political matters than their new friends; and they have the same pride that Englishmen have with us, which keeps them from meddling with what they fancy to be none of their business. Beside, there is a large proportion among Americans who are accustomed to act understandingly, and are little given to aid in hastening changes which they do not feel thoroughly convinced are needful. And the men of real influence among the American merchants and others, are entirely given to commerce and business affairs, and want no changes but increased facilities for trade. Upon the whole, therefore, the uneasy and uncomfortable portion of the Melbourne population will find less assistance in opposition to the established order of things from Americans than they look for. The Americans are in a position of indifference. They will never interfere except against open oppression, which never can arise; but all the weight of influence becoming to them as alien residents, will be given in support of a government which endeavors to overtake the wants of an almost miraculous influx of population, as fast as that population urges measures and supplies means.

We commend to the reader the truly grand description of the scenery around Melbourne, especially that of the great Public Garden, and the reflections of the author thereupon. It is in Mr. PECK's most effective vein. With the following, we must take our leave of Melbourne:

'MELBOURNE life is all out of doors, or in a crowd. One can walk, when it is not too muddy, or he can take to his bed; it is very difficult to get even a sleeping closet alone. As for myself, I must have some place of study, no matter how small, where I can look through a loop-hole upon the world, or I am like a snail without a shell. Years enough have passed for me neither to be ashamed nor vain of having in my time been more than once as forlorn in a great city as ever JOHNSON and SAVAGE were in London; I never had luxuries, but I want quietness. I do not 'agnize a natural and prompt alacrity in hardness.' I am possessed with a gentle melancholy, and the health of my mind requires that I should be secluded when I please. 'Out, JOHN!' is my motto. I would not exchange the certainty of a few years of quiet before the last resting-place for all the gold in Australia.

'The noisy confusion of Melbourne only strengthened this feeling. It would be even a pleasurable excitement if one could only escape from it at will; it would heighten the enjoyment of a snug room, and old books, and old music, just as the noise of a school-room makes the single desk in a corner the best one for study. But this was unattainable, and forms the greatest objection I should have (and other Americans must feel more or less as I did) to residing in such a town. No thoughtful man, or man at all sensitive, could long preserve his integrity in the utter *adriftness* of such a life.'

Our author's visit to the Chinchá or Guano Islands forms not the least interesting feature of his entertaining volume. We make room for two or three illustrative extracts:

'THE look-out from either of the islands is enchanting. Imagine the Andes and the Pacific in one view; the islands, with their precipitous walls indented with immense caves, and surrounded by fantastic rocks, fringed with foam; the pure ocean air; the myriads of sea-birds: the shipping; the schools of sea-lions; and, almost always, far or near upon the blue waste, the spout of whales, and the white sails of ships coming or departing. Altogether, the scene is full of exhilaration and excitement. The height of the islands is such, that the eye looks directly down upon the masts of the vessels moored and lying beneath, and the round horizon demonstrates to the eye the appropriateness of the phrase of the Admiralty Courts, 'the high seas.'

'The guano, where exposed to the air, is of a reddish-brown, yellow color, darker than that of its general substance, where it is cut away. It, of course, colors the whole of the islands, the rock on which it rests being only visible round the shores. As it is like light, dry earth, and full of holes, it is difficult to walk upon, there being no certainty that every other footstep will not sink in nearly to the knee. If one hurries, he is almost sure to fall, or rather to get into it all over, in which case the only satisfaction is in knowing that it is almost pure ammonia, and contains no animal substance, otherwise it might be thought to be an unpleasant, sticky sort of soil. A few feet below the surface it becomes compact, and from thence, through its whole thickness, is of nearly the consistence of Castile soap. Its odor is strongly ammoniacal, though this is not perceived, or but faintly, in walking over the islands where they have not been dug upon.'

When the English newspapers have finished talking about the 'sufferings' of American negro 'slaves,' and the 'barbarity' with which they are treated, it is to be hoped they may have somewhat to say of the British scoundrels who, for the mere sake of money-making, sell the liberty and lives of the poor Chinese coolies in Peru:

'THE guano is dug from the hills, and wheeled to depots, or open inclosures, called 'Mangueras,' on the edge of the cliffs, at places where launches or vessels can be moored below — by coolies, who are brought to Peru by English ships from the free ports of China. There are about three hundred coolies at work on the middle island, and seven or eight hundred on the north. It is said that they are brought here under contracts made with them at home, to labor for five years, at a real, or York shilling, per day, and their rice; and that after they have served their time out, they are free to return. It is said, also, that they are induced to come by being made to believe they are going to labor in gold mines. The real truth I suppose to be that they are contracted for by the Peruvian government, and transferred to it, at a good profit, by the English who bring them. Whatever their contracts may be, if there are any, the coolies, who are one of the contracting parties, become, in effect, absolutely slaves. They are condemned to be diggers of guano; their labor is much more severe and injurious than railroad digging; they have no liberty days, no protecting laws, no power to obtain

even the pittance said to be paid them, no proper seasons of rest. Most of them go nearly naked; none have more than enough clothing just to cover themselves; they live and feed like dogs; they are constantly within the reach of the thongs of hideous black drivers — the link between men and devils; there are no women among them, nothing to mitigate their hopeless toil. Before and around them is the shining bay, and beyond it, green groves and mountains; near at hand, hundreds of ships coming and going, filled with men like themselves, only free! They, too, have been free; they were not born in slavery; they are not domestic slaves, or plantation slaves; but slaves without any title, or rights, or conceded customs — mere over-worked beasts of burden.

'Almost every week some of them commit suicide by throwing themselves from the cliff. They are said to do this in the belief that their spirits will awaken in their native land. Kossuth told me that more than sixty had killed themselves this way in the two years he has been there. One was driven over the cliff, or jumped off, and was dashed in pieces, to escape the lash of a black driver, who chased him to the verge, in sight of a captain of an American ship, the week before we left. The cliff where he leaped is two hundred feet high, and almost perpendicular.'

We have said and quoted enough to set forth the character of Mr. PECK's volume, and we now leave it with the public, who will not be slow in securing its perusal entire. It is well printed, and has a few small illustrative engravings.

THE SPECTATOR: A NEW EDITION, CAREFULLY REVISED. In six volumes: with Prefaces, Historical and Biographical. By ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A.M. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

DON'T be startled, reader: we are not about to inflict upon you a review of ADDISON's works, for time has but extended their fame, and increased the affectionate admiration with which they are regarded by all persons of the least refinement or taste. THACKERAY has tersely and felicitously hit off the characteristics of this delightful writer: 'It is as a Tattler of small talk, and a Spectator of mankind, that we cherish and love him, and owe as much pleasure to him as to any human being that ever wrote. He came in an artificial age, and began to speak with his noble, natural voice. He came, the gentle satirist, who hit no unfair blow; the kind judge, who castigated only in smiling. He walks about the world, watching their pretty humors, fashions, follies, flirtations, rivalries, and noting them with the most charming archness. He sees them in public, in the theatre, or the assembly; or at the toy-shop, higgling for gloves or lace; or at the auction, battling together over a blue porcelain dragon, or a darling monster in Japan; or at church, eyeing the width of their rivals' hoops, or the breadth of their laces, as they sweep down the aisles.' 'His sense of religion stirs his whole being. In the fields, in the town; looking at the birds in the trees, at the children in the streets; in the morning or in the moonlight; over his books in his own room; in a happy party at a country merry-making or a town-assembly, good will and peace to God's creatures, and a love and awe of Him who made them, fill his pure heart, and shine from his kind face. His was a life prosperous and beautiful; a calm death; an immense fame and affection afterward, for his happy and spotless name.'

Such was JOSEPH ADDISON; and we rejoice exceedingly that American publishers have been found who felt it a duty to place the writings of such an author before the public in a garb befitting their purity and beauty. We

are accustomed to say, 'Why can we not, in this country, print books upon as fine, good paper, clear types, and with ink as black, and execution as perfect, as that of the best English works?' These volumes of 'The Spectator' answer that question triumphantly. No more beautiful books, in all points of typography, paper, and printing, have we ever seen from the English press. The pleasure to *the eye*, while perusing the exquisite pictures of ADDISON, enhances to a wonderful, although perhaps imperceptible degree, the enjoyment of the reader. Who will follow the excellent example thus nobly set by the MESSRS. APPLETON? Good books should be presented in the best garb: 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.'

PUDDLEFORD AND ITS PEOPLE. By H. H. RILEY. With Illustrations. In one volume: pp. 267. New-York: SAMUEL HUESTON, Number Three Hundred and Forty-Eight, Broadway.

WE briefly announced this work as in press, in our last number. It is now published, and ready for the public. And the public will *want* it. It is not one of the kind of books that will go a-begging for 'patronage,' (confound that particularly English word, for which, as yet, there has been found no good synonym!) but on the contrary, a book that will *command* success, because it *deserves* it. As to that, 'we shall see.' We have seldom been mistaken in our prognostications in this kind, and we 'say it, and we say it boldly,' that *this* time we *can't* be mistaken. You can gather something of the writer from his preface, which we quote entire:

'EVERY body who writes a book is expected to introduce it with a preface; to hang out a sign, the more captivating the better, informing the public what kind of entertainment may be expected within. I am sorry that I am obliged to say that many a one has been woefully deceived by these outside proclamations, and some one may be again.

'I am unable to apologize to the public for inflicting this work upon it. It was not through 'the entreaty of friends' that it was written. It is not the 'outpourings of a delicate constitution.' (I weigh one hundred and sixty pounds.) I was not driven into it 'by a predestination to write, which was beyond my control.' It is not 'offered for the benefit of a few near relatives, who have insisted upon seeing it in print,' nor do I expect the public will tolerate it simply out of regard to my feelings, if their own feelings are not enlisted in its favor.

'The book is filled with *Portraits of Puddleford and the Puddlefordians*. The reader may never have seen the portrait of a genuine Puddlefordian. Bless me, how much that man has lost! If the reader does not like the painting after he *has* seen it, I cannot help it: it may be the fault of the original, or it may be from a want of skill in the painter.

'Like the carrier-pigeon, let it go, to return with glad tidings, or none at all.'

Our readers have had a foretaste of the work, in the two sketches which have already appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER, 'The Bee-Hunt,' and 'A Court-Scene at Puddleford.' The wide circulation given to these portions of the book by the public press indicates the reception which will be accorded to the entire work. Our 'Literary Notice' department is so full, that we are compelled to limit ourselves to very curt 'specimens' of the volume under consideration. Doubtless a majority of the several thousand readers whose names have never been off our subscription-books since the commencement of the KNICKERBOCKER, will recognize in the following the writer of the series

of papers published in this Magazine many years ago, entitled '*My Fishing-Ground*.'

'Nor having much luck with big fish, I concluded to amuse the 'small fry.' So out went my hook ker-slump right down in the midst of a great gathering, who seemed to have met on some business of importance. It was a little curious to watch these finny fellows as they eyed my worm. They swept round it in a circle, a few times, and coming up with a halt, and forming themselves abreast, they rocked up and down from head to tail, as they surveyed the thing. By-and-by, a perch, a little more venturesome than the rest, floated up by degrees to the bait, his white fins slowly moving back and forth, and carefully reaching out his nose, he touched it, wheeled, and shot like a dart out of sight. In a few minutes he came round in the rear of the company, to await further experiments. Next came the sun-fish, jerking along, filled with fire and fury, with a kind of who's-afraid sort of look, and striking at my hook, actually caught the tip of the barb, and I turned the fellow topsy-turvy, showing up his yellow to advantage. He left for parts unknown. There was a small bass who had strayed into the community, whom I was anxious to coax into trouble, but he lay off on his dignity, near an old root, to see the fun. I moved my hook toward him. He shot off and turned head-to, with a no-you-don't sort of air. I took my bait from the water and spit on it, but it would n't do. I took it out again, and went through an incantation over it, but I could n't catch him by magic; and I have no doubt, reader, he is there yet.'

It is hard to be obliged to omit so graphic a picture as that of the country church of Puddelford, and BIGELOW VAN SLICK, the circuit-riding preacher, 'half Yankee, half Dutch; an ingenious cross, effected somewhere down in the State of Pennsylvania,' who occasionally officiated there. But we *must* give a paragraph to the choir; which our friend the 'Rector of St. Bar-dolph's' will surely recognize as a picture drawn from and 'to the life.'

'AUNT GRAVES' was very nervous the moment she took her seat in the choir. If any error should be committed, the exercises would be spoiled, prayers, preaching, and all; because, according to her judgment, they all depended upon good music; and *that* she was responsible for. So she began to hitch about, first this way, and then that; then she ran over the music-book, and then the index to it; then she hummed a tune inaudibly through her nose; then she examined the hymn-book, and then changed her seat; and then changed back again. She was, in her opinion, the wheel that kept every other wheel in motion; and what if *that* wheel should stop!

'But the hymn was at last given out; and there was a rustling of leaves, and an a-hemning, and coughing, and spitting; and sounding of notes; and a toot on a cracked clarionet, which had been wound with tow; and a low grunt from a bass-viol, produced by a grave-looking man in the corner. Then all rose, and launched forth in one of those ancient pieces of church-harmony, 'Coronation;' every voice and instrument letting itself go to its utmost extent. One airy-looking person was pumping out his bass by rising and falling on his toes; another, more solemn, was urging it up by crowding his chin on his breast; another jerked it out by a twist of his head; while one quiet old man, whose face beamed with tranquillity, just stood, in perfect ecstacy, and let the melody run out of his nose. The genius on the clarionet blew as if he were blowing his last. His cheeks were bloated, his eyes were wild and extended, and his head danced this way and that, keeping time with his fingers; and he who sawed the viol, tore away upon his instrument with a kind of ferocity, as if he were determined to commit some violence upon it. But the treble — what shall I say of *it*? 'Aunt GRAVES' was nowhere to be seen, after the 'parts' had got into full play; she put on the power of her voice, and 'drowned out' every thing around her at once; and then, rising higher and higher, she rushed through the notes, the choir in full chase after her, and absolutely came out safely at last, and struck upon her feet, without injuring herself or any one else.'

The following sketch, describing the manner in which the hearers erect those structures, called 'd — ms' by the profane, will remind the reader of the Indian anecdote recorded in our last number:

'WHY not more 'n nor a mile or so up this creek, I've killed piles on 'em. Why, I seed a company on 'em, up there, once, of two or three hundred. They com'd down one spring and clear'd off acres of ground that had grown up to birch saplings, that they wanted to build a dam with, and there they let the trees lie until August. Then they started to build their houses all over the low water in the mash — great houses four or five feet through — and they work'd in companies of four or five on a house till

they got 'em done. You jist ought to see 'em carry mud and stones between their fore-paws and throat, and see 'em lay it down and slap it with their tails, like men who work with a trowel.'

'Well,' said I, 'about those trees that they cleared off?'

'When they got 'em done, then they all j'ined in to build a dam to raise up the water, so 't would n't freeze up the doors of their houses. And then there was a time on 't. You might see 'm by moonlight, pitching in the trees, and swimming down the stream with 'em, and laying 'em in the current of the creek, like so many boys.'

'Pshaw!' said I.

'Yes, Sir! I seed one night, a lot of beavers drawing one of the biggest trees they had cut. It was more 'n six inches through. They got it part over the bank, when it stuck fast. Jest the top of the tree was in the water, and there were four or five on 'em sousing round in the water, pulling this way and that, and as many more on the bank jerking at it, until bym-bye, it went in ker-swash; the beavers all took hold on 't, then, and towed it to the dam.'

'And so they really built a dam?'

'A dam three feet high, and forty or fifty long—all laid up with birch-trees, and mud and stones, so tight, 't ain't gone yet. The beaver have gone long ago, but the dam hain't.'

'How did you catch 'em?'

'When the fur is good, in the winter, we jest went round with our ice-chisels and knocked their houses to pieces, when away they would go for their washes, as we used to call 'em, where we fastened 'em in and catch'd 'em.'

'Washes? what are they?'

'Inquired I. 'Holes the beavers dig in the bank, partly under water, where they can run in and breathe without being seen.'

What we especially admire in this book, is the faithful *observation* of the author, whether in relation to natural scenery, or the varieties and eccentricities of human character. Nor is his imagination ever at fault. Somehow or other he 'hits us' *there*, too, as in the following changeful picture of the diverse forms which summer-evening clouds put on, what time they 'pavilion the setting sun':

'The sun was waning low, and the shadows of the trees were pointing across the river. The clouds in the west gathered themselves into all kinds of pictures. There was a fleet of ships, all on fire, in full sail, far out at sea; the fleet dissolved, and a city rose out of its ruins, filled with temples, and domes, and turrets, and divided into streets, up and down which strange and fantastic figures were hurrying. The city vanished, and a pile of huge mountains shot up their rugged peaks, around which golden islands lay anchored, all glowing with light. Away one side, I noticed a grave, corpulent, and shadowy old gentleman, astride an elephant, smoking a pipe, and he puffed himself finally away into the heavens, and I have never seen him since!'

How true is the subjoined passage, many a distant wanderer from his native village, who will read these sentences, can well testify: 'There is something impressive in the Sabbath in the wilderness. A quiet breathes over the landscape that is almost overwhelming. In a city the church-steeple talk to one another their lofty music; but there are no bells in the wilderness to mark the hours of worship. The only bell which is heard is rung by Memory, as the hour of prayer draws nigh; some village-bell, far away, that vibrated over the hills of our nativity, the tones of which we have carried away in our soul, and which are awakened by the solemnity of the day.'

But we must close: yet not without saying a word touching the illustrations of the volume. They are happily conceived, admirably drawn, and exceedingly well executed. They 'tell the whole story' to the eye, which the author has so well represented to the mind, of the reader. One of the most note-worthy things, by the way, in modern illustrated books, is the care with which the pictures are drawn and executed. The public will not 'stand' poor engravings, any more than poor paper and printing.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AN EVENING IN THE CALIFORNIA MINES. — Our readers in the Atlantic States will get a vivid idea of 'Life in the Diggings' in California, from *An Evening in the Mines*, sent us by a new correspondent in the 'Golden State':

'THE blazing sun has rolled his disc of burnished gold behind the rocky battlements of the narrow cañon, and the dark, broad shadow, long since deepening over the river-bed, is rapidly climbing, with noiseless steps, the rugged mountain, from whose snow-crowned summit it will soon chase the lingering sun-light.

'The busy sound of pick and spade is no longer heard; the 'rocker' is thrown aside; the water gurgles idly through the long 'sluices' and 'Toms,' and the weary miner, liberally rewarded for his day's labor, has gladly turned to his log-cabin, or broad tent of the open sky.

'The swollen river is rushing, and boiling, and swirling along its rocky channel, sending up a heavy roar through the echoing cañon, like the deep tones of an organ swelling through some grand old cathedral. The smoke is curling lazily up in graceful wreaths from camp-fires over which rough forms, hovering round like the ghosts of superannuated cooks, are preparing the frugal evening meal. See that shaggy old fellow reclining carelessly on the ground, smoking a pipe with such infinite gusto, and watching with scrupulous care a great black Dutch-oven, whose tortures he remorselessly aggravates by heaping little pyramids of glowing fire-coals upon its hollow head, till at length he flings off the cover, and exultingly rolls out a most delicious loaf swelling up as if on the point of bursting with indignation at prolonged torments. It is a real golden loaf, for he is quite a magician in his way; and, though his hands are hard and horny, his bread, like his heart, is always light. Our own cook, *pro tem*, has bustled about, and dragged the sputtering frying-pan from the fire — a sign that 'grub' is ready: so grab that battered tin plate, draw up to the fire, and 'dip in,' without regard to etiquette. Seat yourself cross-legged, like a good Mussulman, on the ground; for our only table is the broad lap of old mother earth. A hard day's-work of lifting primitive boulders and picking down cemented formations has given you an appetite like a vulture: fall to and help yourself, for the motto here is 'Every one for himself and the d——l take the hindmost.'

'Pass that loaf around this way before you demolish it; I'm hungry as an office-seeker.' We happen to be out of butter just now, as we always are, but a slice of soft pork will serve the same purpose.

'Let white-livered Grahamites, like NEBUCHADNEZZAR, go to grass, and live on homœopathic broth and saw-dust puddings; you never will have the nightmare or be troubled

with the horrors of dyspepsia, though you devour a dozen slices of swine's-flesh. This river-mining will try your 'pluck,' and you need something stronger than chicken-broth to excite your animal nature, and supply the wear-and-tear of muscle. A lusty beef-eater is worth a dozen rice-fed, scraggy starvelings.

'Now for the pipes. You don't use the weed? never mind; I'll wager a box of 'fine-cut' that you will smoke like a Dutch burgomaster before you have lived in the 'dig-gins' a month. As well think of existing here without liquor or bread as without tobacco.

'I say, 'Old Missouri,' blow us out a song under cover of the smoke; clear your cracked pipes and play the nightingale.'

'Old Missouri' rolls out the volumes of smoke like some dying volcano, but can't sing 'nar'-a-one; while a long-legged Vermonter stirs up the smoking embers, and piles on the brush-wood. How cheerfully the ruddy glow of the fire flashes over the bronzed faces, as it darts its red tongues up against the dark curtain of night!

'Well, old COMET, if you won't sing, we'll *vamoso* to 'Uncle JIMMIE's' cabin. Hold on, Doctor!—just play the part of a careful house-wife before you follow: pick up the tin things, and start a batch of bread for the morning. You are thinking of the time when you had 'some body' to look after such things. Now don't look so glum, so like a sick 'green-horn' sighing for home and his sweet-heart.'

'The cabin seems to be the general rendezvous of the evening; for a score of jolly boys are gathered in a semi-circle round the fire blazing against the stone face of the chimney. That tall, gaunt, and bony man, with gray hair and grizzly beard, is 'Uncle JIMMIE,' the Scotchman, a live Highlander, too, who can sing some of his 'bonnie airs,' in a manner that will make your sluggish pulses thrill, as at the sight of a yellow 'nugget.'

'He has one capital song by BURNS,' never in print, which he learned of TAM O'SHANTER, who, after being out late with the merry bard, at social gathering or mid-night revel, often used to enter the house and crawl into bed with 'JIMMIE,' then a mere lad, who says he lay awake many a night listening with boyish delight to TAM's wild stories and mellow songs.

'Near him is another gray-headed old miner, who goes by the sobriquet of 'Uncle TOM;' not the 'Uncle TOM' of a slave-cabin, but the free-and-easy lord of a miner's cabin. A live Yankee, an inimitable mimic, and the best story-teller of 'the crowd,' he is a universal favorite.

'The two 'Uncles,' a pair of jolly souls, 'old fogies' though they be, are the life of the rough band. There is an old tar, whose swarthy features have the funny and peculiar curve which marks the jolly sea-king: an old stager is *he* too, who well knows how to minister to

'THAT outrageous appetite for lies
Which SATAN fishes with, for souls, like flies.'

I knew you would like that glorious song by 'Uncle JIMMIE;' so come, my Puritan, a flowing bumper to the memory of BURNS.

'You never drink? Is it possible that you are so very verdant? It won't hurt you, my baby, any more than a cup of new milk. It is pure *eau de vie*. Think you BURNS would ever have written such glowing, thrilling songs if he had lived a cold-blooded, skinny anchorite, and never warmed his northern nature with the nectar of JUPITER? The idea is preposterous. My young simpleton, thousands of 'green-uns,' like you, have come into the mines firmly resolved to 'touch not, taste not, handle not;' but a little 'roughing it in the bush' soon drives away all squeamishness, and makes 'moderate drinkers' of them, with scarcely an exception. And *you*, in three months from this very night, will carry off at least three 'horns' a day without a wink or a blush! It is growing late; let us drop off quietly and leave the poker-players to themselves.'

'Middle Fork of Feather River, (Cal.)

J. SWETT.

Said we not well that this is a very graphic, life-like sketch? To our new

correspondent we would add, 'We would desire more of your acquaintance, good Master COBWEB.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Here is another fragment in the life of 'UNCLE REUBEN,' illustrating the manner in which a *woman*, for the first and only time, was elected a member of the famous 'Trade-Sale Company.'

'UNCLE REUBEN' despised flattery, and the hundreds of 'white lies' of every-day use. Yet he never appeared but pleased. Thus, he called one evening on Mr. and Mrs. JARVIS, in company with Mr. JONES, to spend a social evening. Now the JARVISSES were called the meanest, stingiest, and most unscrupulous people in the county, although they lived in a grand house, and had friends from the city to visit them. They never contributed to buy for a poor neighbor a barrel of flour, nor a load of wood, nor paid a sixpence toward the minister's salary; 'yet were their words smoother than oil,' especially the words of Mrs. JARVIS.

As they were near the house, 'UNCLE REUBEN' suggested to JONES that word might possibly be sent to the door that they were 'not at home,' and if any blarney was lavished on them, to 'mind his eye.' JONES remarked that he 'understood the dead languages,' and they rapped at the door. As luck would have it, Mrs. JARVIS came to the door herself.

'MRS. JARVIS: 'Why how do you do, Mr. P —? I am perfectly delighted to see you!'

'UNCLE REUBEN: 'Thank you.'

'MRS. JARVIS: 'Walk in — do! I told Mr. JARVIS this blessed day to invite you and your wife down here this evening, and he said he had forgotten all about it: (Mr. JARVIS looks astonished, and cannot call to mind any such conversation.) And how are you, Mr. JONES? Why did n't Mrs. P — come with you? Dear me! Take this easy chair, Mr. P —; you will find it so comfortable. And how is dear Mrs. P —, and cunning little SEPTA, and the rest? Why do n't you let them come down and see us? . . . Oh! Mr. P —, how can you say they are troublesome? Why, all the comfort I take in the world is with my children, and although they are all living out, I make as much account of seeing them once a week as I do of thanksgiving. And now, Mr. JARVIS, run and get the big pitcher full of cider, and have it warming between the hand-irons. I love to see the cider; and some apples; and we will have a pleasant chat, Mr. JARVIS.'

'Why, wife, you know that all the cider has been gone this month, and that PAUL BRYANT carried the last of the apples to market ten days ago.'

'MRS. JARVIS: 'Why, bless you, Mr. JARVIS, you do n't say they are all gone — all? Well then, at any rate, we will have 'a feast of reason, and a flow of soul,' for Mr. P — is acknowledged to be the most entertaining and gentlemanly man in the county; and now, Mr. P —, although we have been to supper, and are out of the customary 'treat,' apples and cider, yet if there is any thing in the house that you desire, it is yours to command, and I beg you will allow me to serve you.'

'UNCLE REUBEN,' (turning to JONES:) 'Well, Mr. JONES, Mrs. JARVIS is very polite, and I feel pretty sharp-set; and since she is so urgent, what do you say to some ham and eggs? I can always eat eggs.'

JONES: 'Well, I have been to supper, although 't was a poor one; but if Mrs. JARVIS proposes to set the table again, I'll try what I can do, for I am like you, I can always eat eggs. This, however, I should do mainly to accommodate you, Mr. P —, who now have the house at your command.'

'UNCLE REUBEN: 'Well, then, Mrs. JARVIS, since you are so kind, and since you sent by Mr. JARVIS for us to come down to tea, and being uncommonly hungry, I will take

some ham and eggs, and a good cup of Bohea, by way of setting my tongue a-running; and if my wife is not otherwise engaged, I will send her down to-morrow.'

'Mr. JARVIS looked half glad and half 'mad,' and entirely ashamed. She looked even worse; and the way her needle flew and sputtered, for the next three minutes, was perfectly terrific. JONES looked as if he should sink into the ground, and was in the very act of calling on the hills to cover him. 'Uncle REUBEN' was the only cool and self-possessed person in the company. The silence was broken by 'Uncle REUBEN:'

'*I do* think good, nice ham, and fresh eggs, well fried, and a good cup of tea, is equal to any thing I ever saw set upon a table; and for good, generous cooking, of all women in the world give me Mrs. JARVIS! No matter how sharp you whet your appetite, Mr. JONES, you may rely upon it she will exceed your anticipations!'

'Mrs. JARVIS, with a tear in her eye, (not the crocodile tear exactly,) nervously threw down her knitting-work, and set the table in good style, with emphasis on 'eggs.'

'Now every person that was the subject of one of 'Uncle REUBEN's' jokes was elected into the 'Trade-Sale Company,' and this was the first woman who had been victimized; and it was fully discussed whether or not she should be elected; and it was finally decided by one majority that she *should* be.

'When Mrs. JARVIS appeared in the streets, with all her sails set, a slight '*hem!*' would bring her to, although uttered by a small boy, like as a shot across the bows of a schooner from a man-of-war would bring her into the wind.'

We have seen just such people. - - - 'I HAVE half a mind,' writes a Georgetown (New-York) correspondent, 'to relate an anecdote for your 'Table' connected with this out-of-the-way place, which, I think, will afford to the theologically-good among your readers additional proof of the truth of the doctrine of future rewards and punishments; the best proof of which (our clergyman says) is, that 'the Indian, the Hindoo, all heathen, and even the *enlightened* Deist, believe in a future, with its rewards and punishments.' Now, we have a neighbor, 'an enlightened Deist,' commonly known here as 'Old REED,' who believes that after death he shall appear here again in the shape of some animal, and he *thinks* he will be a horse! The other day, his wife, after suffering greatly from his bacchanalian abuse, determined to have a 'serious talk' with him, and to touch him on the point of his religious belief. So, seating herself by him, with eyes filled with tears, and a face 'as long as the moral law,' she addressed him as follows: 'Old REED, I have something to say to you, and you must hear it: I have a duty to do, and I shall do it, faithfully; so that if you suffer hereafter, the fault may not be mine. You know, REED, that you are in the habit of getting drunk and abusing your family. They have suffered for years, both from your abuse and neglect, while the proceeds of your labor are spent in drink. Now, REED, what do you think will be the result of such a course? What will become of you when you die? I will *tell* you. According to your belief, at death you will turn into some animal, and you *think* it will be a horse. Now, REED, if you keep on in your present course, and continue to neglect and abuse your family, you will, when you die, turn into some *poor old twelve-shilling horse*, and JOEL SOLES will get you; you will be hard-worked, and half-starved, and I shall see you go by every day with a load of shingles. But now, REED, it need n't be so; and if you will turn right about, reform, provide for, and treat your family affectionately, when you die you will turn into a fine, two-hundred dollar horse, and CHARLES PERRY will get you, and feed you a bushel of oats a day, and rub you down with soft pea-straw!'

Our correspondent does not state what was the result of this future 'opening' for the unhappy inebriate; but the last proposition is certainly a very tempting one, and, it is hoped, may have had its weight. - - - Our 'prismatic' friend and correspondent, RICHARD HAYWARDE, who loves the country with a mother's affection, and who is so pleasantly situated in his cottage upon the Hudson, *assumes* the following annoyances, for the purpose of gratifying Mrs. SPARROWGRASS, who must be a woman 'hard to please:'

'It is a good thing to live in the country. To escape from the prison-walls of the metropolis — the great brickery we call 'the city' — and to live amid blossoms and leaves, in shadow and sun-shine, in moon-light and star-light, in rain, mist, dew, hoarfrost, and drouth, out in the open campaign, and under the blue dome that is bounded by the horizon only. It is a good thing to have a well with dripping buckets, a porch with honey-buds and sweet-bells, a hive embroidered with nimble bees, a sun-dial mossed over, ivy up to the eaves, curtains of dimity, a tumbler of fresh flowers in your bed-room, a rooster on the roof, and a dog under the piazza.

'When Mrs. SPARROWGRASS and I moved into the country, with our heads full of fresh butter, and cool, crisp radishes for tea; with ideas entirely lucid respecting milk, and a looseness of calculation as to the number in family it would take a good laying hen to supply with fresh eggs every morning; when Mrs. SPARROWGRASS and I moved into the country, we found some preconceived notions had to be abandoned, and some departures made from the plans we had laid down in the little back-parlor in avenue G.

'One of the first achievements in the country is early rising! with the lark — with the sun — while the dew is on the grass, 'under the opening eye-lids of the morn,' and so forth. Early rising! What can be done with five or six o'clock in town? What may not be done at those hours in the country? With the hoe, the rake, the dibble, the spade, the watering-pot? To plant, prune, drill, transplant, graft, train, and sprinkle! Mrs. S. and I agreed to rise *early* in the country.

"RICHARD and ROBIN were two pretty men,
They laid in the bed till the clock struck ten:
Up jumped RICHARD and looked at the sky:
O Brother ROBIN! the sun 's *very* high!"

Early rising in the country is not an instinct; it is a sentiment, and must be cultivated.

'A friend recommended me to send to the south side of Long-Island for some very prolific potatoes — the real hippopotamus breed. Down went my man, and what, with expenses of horse-hire, tavern bills, toll-gates, and breaking a wagon, the hippopotami cost as much a-piece as pine-apples. They were fine potatoes though, with comely features, and large, languishing eyes, that promised increase of family without delay. As I worked my own garden, (for which I hired a landscape gardener at two dollars per day to give me instructions,) I concluded that the object of my first experience in early rising should be the planting of the hippopotamuses. I accordingly rose next morning at five, and it rained! I rose next day at five, and it rained! The next, and it rained! It rained for two weeks! We had splendid potatoes every day for dinner. 'My dear,' said I to Mrs. SPARROWGRASS, 'where did you get these fine potatoes?' 'Why,' said she, innocently, 'out of that basket from Long-Island!' The last of the hippopotamuses were before me, peeled, and boiled, and mashed, and baked, with a nice thin brown crust on the top.

'I was more successful afterward. I did get some fine seed-potatoes in the ground. But something was the matter: at the end of the season I did not get as many out as I put in.

'Mrs. SPARROWGRASS, who is a notable house-wife, said to me one day, 'Now, my dear, we shall soon have plenty of eggs, for I have been buying a lot of young chickens.' There they were, each one with as many feathers as a grasshopper, and a chirp not louder. Of course, we looked forward with pleasant hopes to the period when the first

cackle should announce the milk-white egg, warmly deposited in the hay which we had provided bountifully. They grew finely, and one day I ventured to remark that our hens had remarkably large combs, to which Mrs. S. replied, 'Yes, indeed, she had observed that; but if I wanted to have a real treat, I ought to get up early in the morning and hear them crow.' 'Crow!' said I, faintly, 'our hens crowing! Then, by 'the cock that crowed in the morn, to wake the priest all shaven and shorn,' we might as well give up all hopes of having any eggs,' said I, 'for, as sure as you live, Mrs. S., our hens are all roosters!' And so they were roosters! that grew up and fought with the neighbors' chickens, until there was not a whole pair of eyes on either side of the fence.

'A dog is a good thing to have in the country. I have one which I raised from a pup. He is a good, stout fellow, and a hearty barker and feeder. The man of whom I bought him said he was thorough-bred, but he begins to have a mongrel look about him. He is a good watch-dog though, for the moment he sees any suspicious-looking person about the premises he comes right into the kitchen and gets behind the stove. First we kept him in the house, and he scratched all night to get out. Then we turned him out, and he scratched all night to get in. Then we tied him up at the back of the garden, and he howled so that our neighbor shot at him twice before daybreak. Finally, we gave him away, and he came back; and now he is just recovering from a fit in which he has torn up the patch that had been sown for our spring radishes.

'A good strong gate is a necessary article for your garden. A good, strong, heavy gate, with a dislocated hinge, so that it will neither open nor shut. Such an one had I last year. The grounds before my fence are in common, and all the neighbors' cows pasture there. I remarked to Mrs. S., as we stood at the window in June last, how placid and picturesque the cattle looked, as they strolled about, cropping the green herbage. Next morning I found the innocent creatures in my garden. They had not left a green thing in it. The corn in the milk, the beans on the poles, the young cabbages, the tender lettuce, even the thriving shoots on my young fruit-trees had vanished. And there they were, looking quietly on the ruin they had made. Our watch-dog, too, was foregathering with them. It was too much, so I got a large stick and drove them all out, except a young heifer, whom I chased all over the flower-beds, breaking down my trellises, my woodbines and sweet-briers, my roses and petunias, until I cornered her in the hot-bed. I had to call for assistance to extricate her from the sashes, and her owner sued me for damages and recovered. I believe I shall move in town.'

'Move in town!' Not *he!* - - - We have already spoken in terms of deserved praise of '*The Bizarre*,' an original literary gazette, published every Saturday in Philadelphia. Its selections are made with taste and good judgment, and its original articles are from writers of real merit, among whom we recognize names with which our readers have become familiar in these pages. '*The Bizarre*' is carefully edited, and very neatly executed. We clip the subjoined from a recent number. It is a forcible commentary upon 'life's changes:'

'M. THIERS, in his History of the Consulate, recites some very strange and previously unknown particulars respecting the early life and penury of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. It appears that after he had obtained a subaltern's commission in the French service, by his skill and daring at Toulon, he lived for some time in Paris in obscure lodgings, and in such extreme poverty that he was often without the means of paying ten sous (ten cents) for his dinner, and frequently went without any at all. He was under the necessity of borrowing small sums, and even worn-out clothes, from his acquaintances! He and his brother Louis, afterward King of Holland, had, at one time, only a coat between them, so that the brothers could only go out alternately, 'time about.' At this crisis, the chief benefactor of the future emperor and conqueror, 'at whose mighty name the world grew pale,' was the actor TALMA, who often gave him food and money. NAPOLEON's face, afterward so famed for its classical mould, was, during that period of starvation, harsh and angular in its lineaments, with projecting cheek-bones. His meagre fare brought on an unpleasant and unsightly cutaneous disease, of a type so virulent and malignant, that it took all the skill and assiduity of his accomplished physician,

CORVISART, to expel it, after a duration of more than ten years. The squalid beggar then, the splendid emperor afterward; the thread-bare habiliments and imperial mantle; the meagre food and gorgeous banquet; the friendship of a poor actor; the homage and terror of a world; an exile and prisoner! Such are the ups and downs of this changeful life; such are the lights and shadows of the great and mighty.'

A WELCOME correspondent, near Olympia, Washington Territory, on the 'Pacific slope,' sends us the annexed graphic description of '*A Grizzly Bear-Hunt*,' which will greatly interest our Atlantic readers. It is minutely correct, in every particular:

'PRETTY comfortable 'ranch' for an Oregonian,' said 'BILLY' complacently, as he stretched his legs, so as to angle in as much as possible of the genial warmth of the fire.

'And look through the window at grand old 'RAMIER.' 'Humph!' says BILLY, 'shut him out; he looms up too grim and cold in the moonlight: in such weather as this, a man wants to look at volcanoes.'

'A cigar put BILLY in such good humor, and the angle of his legs increased so amazingly that it was a sight to see, as I sat in my little fireside corner, and heaped on the logs, that threw out the flickering light over the little cabin.

'Now 'OLD GRIZZLY' had a deuced sight better have come down —'

'Maybe he was afraid the canoe would n't be safe, this gusty weather.'

'Afraid!' says BILLY; 'man alive, when one earns his name as he did his, fear and him are not very close acquaintances. Let me tell you why we called him so.

'You see, LANDER, as Engineer of Reconnoissance, was frequently off upon detached duty: and when we were upon the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, near the head of the Marias river, he took off from the main camp some seven of us to aid him.

'We had been five days out from camp, when one evening we saw a large moving object afar off upon the prairie. We had been for some days out of fresh meat, and the idea of rich, juicy buffalo-hump induced LANDER, a Texan named GUY, a young Blackfoot, (whom we had as a guide across the Blackfoot Pass,) and myself, to ride out in pursuit.

'We three were all pretty well armed, with revolvers; and GUY had in addition a double-gun, loaded with slugs. LANDER particularly prided himself on his horse — an old buffalo-hunter — from whose back he had a short time previously shot a 'Lone Bull.'

'GUY was mounted upon a pony which had been bought a few days before at a camp of GROSVENTRE'S, whose capacities for running were, if GUY's word was to be credited, unequalled. The Blackfoot was mounted upon a mule, while I had a sturdy-built horse, 'not good for wear, and not *much* for run.'

'When we drew nearer, our 'supposed buffalo' was seen to be a *grizzly bear*, of the largest class! He had come down from the mountains to dig roots; and as we approached, he moved slowly off to a covert of low bushes.

'Now I'm not particularly cowardly *myself*; but there was a certain something in the appearance of that customer that involuntarily brought to my mind the many stories I had heard of the ferocity of his kind when molested; and his lumbering motion, as he went sideways over that little prairie, was suggestive of considerable speed when he chose to 'let himself out.'

'I halted at once; and, looking back, saw that I was already in advance of GUY and the Indian, who seemed to have no more stomach for the fray than I had.

'LANDER, however, shouting for us to come on, dashed in the covert after Bruin, the old horse, true to his lessons in the buffalo-hunt, galloping up on the right side. The bear awaited no attack, but came furiously out from his shelter, and charged, at racing speed, upon horse and rider. LANDER and the bear went headlong one way, and GUY, the Indian, and I, in about as nearly an opposite direction as was possible upon so short a notice, until we got out upon the open prairie again. Here, looking back, we could see Bruin, still in fierce pursuit of 'Old Buffalo;' every instant getting farther

from the covert, and receiving the balls from LANDER's revolver as he would turn in his saddle to fire at him.

"Again he shouted for us to come up; but we could not trust our horses in a trial of speed with the now-maddened animal, and so kept at a wary distance. LANDER appeared to have exhausted all the loads in his revolver, and yet, save a limping motion in his gait, the bear appeared unharmed; but the headlong speed at which he had gone had evidently told upon him, and as LANDER galloped toward us, he slowly turned again toward the covert.

"He tried to prevail upon GUR to ride up; telling him there was 'no danger,' and that both of his barrels, loaded with slugs, would certainly kill him. But GUR's sole answer was:

"'Look a-here, Kurnel, you can sock along arter that b'ar jist as long as you 've a mind tu, and here's my six-shooter, but you can't toll me up thar, nohow! I do n't mind takin' a turn with a big black Arkansasaw, but when it comes to hunting *grizzlies* on a pony, jist 'count me out!'

"But nothing could prevail upon LANDER to allow the bear to escape; so, exchanging revolvers, he again dashed into the bushes.

"The bear, we could see, had lain down in a tangled spot in the covert, and seemed to await the coming of his enemy. LANDER, supposing that most of his shots had been futile from the swerving of his horse, determined to make surer work *this* time; and so rode down within twenty feet of the bear, and taking deliberate aim at his head, fired.

"The bear was about to rise just as he discharged his pistol, and in his earnestness to make a fatal shot, he neglected to spur his horse as he fired.

"In a bound the bear was almost on him, and I held my breath, and involuntarily closed my eyes, but was too paralyzed to attempt to render any assistance.

"GUR seemed frozen on his horse; but the Blackfoot, with a wild whoop, charged down in a circle waving his blanket upon his gun, and making loud outcries to engage the attention of the bear; but all would have been fruitless, had not the gallant old horse, true to his training, darted off to the right, and so suddenly that I could scarce believe he had escaped, when I saw the brute, with a mad howl, fall where they had stood the moment before.

"One of the stirrups caught in a low bush, and the rider was thrown backward upon the saddle; and I found myself writhing in my seat, as I fancied that all was lost. But no; by a violent effort he recovered himself, and I again breathed more freely; but only again to suspend my breath as, a moment later, the old horse stumbled over a grassy mound. The bear was within six feet of him, and it seemed as if all earth could not save the rider.

"I dashed madly down, only to have ridden to my own destruction; but again the brave old horse redeemed himself nobly; and though evidently much blown, stretched out across the prairie like the wind, the bear close behind. Swinging along with a rolling gait, his green eyes seemed to strike fire; foaming at the mouth, and howling with rage and pain, as ever and again LANDER would turn in the saddle and fire. When they reached the open prairie, Old Buffalo gradually widened the distance between them; and firing low, the foreleg of the bear was broken; and rolling over and over on the prairie, and groaning over the wounded limb, the air grew frightful with his howlings. Once more 'backing his horse down,' LANDER fired the last shot in his revolver at the bear's head, when 'Old Grizzly,' rearing upon his hind-legs, stood for a moment pawing the air frantically, and then fell back—*dead!*

"After a man has, upon the lonely prairie, stood his watch through the dark hours of the night, momentarily expecting an attack from hostile Indians, and his blood has chilled and his flesh crept, as he imagined, or really has seen, the lurking foe through the gloom, and yet dare not fire, lest he expose his own person as a target; after a man has gone through *this*, night after night, he may imagine he can realize the meaning of *anxiety*.

"All this I have undergone; but never before did my heart stand still, as it did during that half-hour's combat—knowing as I did that with one false step of the horse,

the rider's life was not worth the purchase; impressed the more forcibly upon me next day, when I saw GUY thrown headlong amidst a herd of buffalo, by his stumbling horse.

"On taking off the skin, it was found that eight revolver-bullets had passed into 'vital parts.' One had broken a fore-leg; one had made a deep wound in the shoulder; and the *last* shot had given the death-wound in the head.

"Of twelve shots fired in the heat of the contest, *eleven* had hit the bear; *nine* of which would have been death-wounds to anything *but* a grizzly. We estimated him to weigh twelve hundred pounds.

"Our little mule was loaded down with the best portions of the meat, and driven into camp by our Blackfoot ally, singing the brave song of his race, and relating between-whiles how their warriors kill the fierce animal.

"With their imperfect arms, they never attack the bear in the summer. It is only when torpid with cold that they seek his den in the mountains; before which, they make a barricade of logs, and kindling a huge fire, by its light, riddle the vulnerable parts of the bear with arrows.

"LANDER became to our Indian guides an object of great admiration, and was christened by them '*Kaya*,' or Bear of the Mountains, which we anglicized by the euphonious cognomen of '*Old Grizzly*.'

"A pleasant journey we had toward camp, the Indian chanting as we went, and we admiring the sublimity of a sunset upon the broad prairie. The sun was dropping down behind the 'Rocky Mountains,' which, stretching far to the northward, with here and there a snow-crowned peak uplifted, like giants, seemed indeed

"To sentinel enchanted land:"

There was no speaking aloud: awed by the loneliness and quietude, there was something deeper, nobler in the very hush of solitude, than earthly voices speak.

"We made our camp by the shores of a low lake, where myriads of water-fowl sported unscared by the unwonted presence of white men. Under the shadows of the dark pines the water seemed of a steel-like blackness, contrasting grandly with the silvery streams that were bounded in by the grassy banks of the prairie.

"Sitting round our camp-fire at night, and watching the flickering light shining out upon the lake, in the calmness and holiness of the time when

"The eating cares of the day
Fold up their tents like the Arabs,
And silently steal away,"

it appeared a sacrilege and a profanity to have taken life in such a spot; and there seemed a nobility in the courage with which the poor animal fought for its life.

"I tell you, in the quietude of that night, when the moon poured forth her rich light over the slumbering prairie, and lit with a holy glow the grand mountain peaks——"

"Well, did you kill any more *bears*, BILLY? Because if you did n't, you need n't mind about the scenery: I can see grander from my cabin-door any day."

"Humph!" says BILLY, as he angled in *all* the fire-place.

'*Allen's Claim, near Olympia, (W. T.), January, 1854.*'

R. J. A.

We think it was among the 'solid men' of the town of Boston that our friend Dr. BETHUNE was to lecture upon '*The Age of Pericles*.' As he was walking to the hall where he was to hold forth to the 'men of Athens,' (modern Athenians,) he overheard the following colloquy: 'Where are you going to-night?' 'Well, I don't *know*, exactly; I thought I'd go and hear Dr. BETHUNE lecture on the Age of PERICLES.' 'Oh! pshaw!' replied his colloquist; 'who cares how *old* PERICLES was! Let us go to the theatre!' We wish our friends in the 'Literary Emporium' to put this anecdote 'in their pipes, and smoke it.' It beats us here in Gotham, 'out and out.'

WE make the annexed extract from a letter recently received from a friend newly arrived in California. The bright and dark sides of San-Francisco are very pointedly hit off:

'Such markets!—fresh salmon from Oregon, perch, sturgeon, (white meat,) smelt, herring, black-fish, etc.; elk, antelope, venison, brandt, teal, red-head, black-bill; good beef, mutton, pork, potatoes weighing three pounds; onions the size of your hat-crown; turnips larger, celery, radishes, cauliflower, salads, etc., etc.; every vegetable, and all the year round! We can beat you in mud, in dust, in rain, in food—in every thing. And our climate, too, is unapproachable. We have had, barring the rain, the pleasantest weather I ever experienced; about the temperature of May or June at home. We are a gay people; dress extravagantly, live fast, drink heavy; we also wear glazed hats, put our pantaloons into our boot-legs, and cultivate the moustache. Every one does as he pleases; sleeps in his room, or *elsewhere*, breakfasts at nine, somewhere, and dines at six, anywhere. On Sundays, they play billiards and euchre, attend concerts and theatres; and on Monday, Tuesday, and the rest of the week, do it all over again. JOHN CHINAMAN is also a feature, and an important one. He does nothing but gamble. The section of the town in which the 'celestials' live is unique. Every woman is—but I forbear. They wear the national costume, and preserve their national customs and modes of living. Spanish women and Chilians are numerous; their trade can easily be guessed. We have eleven daily newspapers, eight or nine weeklies, and two or three monthlies.

'Let me give you a few illustrative 'items' of society here, which dispose of as you will. I took up a hat, the other evening, belonging to a friend, and, seeing a small *compass* inserted in the inner side of the crown, I asked what it meant. He replied that, when purchasing it, he had asked the same question of the maker, and received for answer: 'So that when you get 'sociable' of a dark night you may be able to lay your course for home!' Another had a *thermometer*. This I suppose was to test the pressure of the 'steam,' to know when a man was drunk enough to go to bed. A 'ready reckoner' might be useful to those who carry many 'bricks in their hat.' . . . Of our gambling-saloons, as large as the Apollo ball-room, with bands of music, and open, and filled, too, from morning early until past mid-night; of our streets, buildings, wharves, etc., I must tell you another time.'

Just think of that!—eleven daily newspapers in San-Francisco, and less-frequently-published journals and periodicals in proportion; and there are no better-conducted newspapers anywhere; carefully edited, and generally luxurious in paper and typography. And yet we have had lying in our drawer only since the autumn of 1846, a copy of the first number of the first paper ever printed in English in California—'*The Californian*,' issued at Monterey, August the fifteenth, 1846, and published by COLTON AND SAMPLE—our old friend and correspondent, WALTER COLTON, now, alas! no more; a small 'folio of four pages,' but not what would now be called 'a happy work.' 'Look a-here,' Atlantic States' 'peoples,' California is 'a great country, and no mistake!' - - - At one of the schools for young ladies in San-Francisco, it is the custom of the pupils once a month to 'write a composition.' Upon a late occasion, the principal of the establishment requested one of the children, an interesting little girl of twelve years, (we remember her bright face when she was scarcely six, and foresaw her promise,) to write a letter. The little girl replied: 'To whom shall I write?' 'To *any body*,' was the answer. 'But I don't *know* 'any body' to write to.' 'Well, then, write to the *Man in the Moon*!' The following is an exact copy of the letter she wrote to that fabulous personage:

'San-Francisco, Feb. 10, 1854.

'DEAR SIR: I am very anxious to know how you live in the moon. Have you got any water there? We heard that you had not. As for us, we have a beautiful earth: we have green grass, and plenty of cattle, and every thing very nice. We have had a great many fires here, Sir, and we heard that you had a great many volcanoes, and we have often wondered how you lived up there, and so I thought I would write to you and gain the information. I hope you will write to me, and tell me all about it, that is, if you have any pens, ink, and paper, and a post-office. We often read about the moon in astronomy. She gives us a great deal of light in the evening, when

the clouds don't cover it up. How large does the earth appear to you? I would like to know all these things, if you please. Do you know if any of the larger planets are inhabited? If they are, tell me that, too. I want to know all these things, so that I can understand all about astronomy. We have a few telescopes, but I never saw one, and that is the reason I ask you all these questions. As I have told you before, I am very anxious to know all about you. Well, dear Sir, I shall have to bid you good-bye, hoping you will answer my letter: we shall all expect it with anxiety, and I myself particularly; as I have no more time to write, I will again say farewell.

Your curious friend,

EMMA H. JOYCE.

Our friend 'Colonel PIPES' answered this letter, in an epistle dated '*The Moon, Story Third*,' April, 1854, in which, among other things, mainly local, he says: 'I received by ADAMS AND COMPANY'S Express, your polite letter, in due course of time. I should have replied earlier, but the cars got off the track between the cities of MARS and JUPITER, and were likewise detained at the town of VENUS, to take in a wedding-party. However, I shall try to find time to answer some of your numerous questions. As to 'how we live,' I would answer, principally on cheese, of which commodity celebrated 'naturals' insist the moon is composed. You ask how large the earth appears to us? Well, about the size of a plum-pudding. I have written to the principal planets to inquire if they are inhabited, and will let you know by the return mail.' - - - THE capital '*Song of an Amateur Fisherman*' arouses us like the blast of a trumpet. We must gain time now to visit 'Rex, my King,' and in company with that dearest of fishermen, 'cast our lines in pleasant places,' which we have visited aforetime, and with the amplest success:

'WHEN sultry suns begin to burn,
And toil breeds little hunger,
And nights have many a sleepless turn,
And mornings bring but languor;
They who have known need not be shown,
And who have not can try,
The sport of a line in ocean's brine,
Quick bites and a right-brown fry.
On the sounding shore, as they sang of yore,
From toil and terrible weather,
In the cool sea-breeze to take your ease,
For a day, mere boys together.

'Gray rocks rise bold from waters deep,
Where, sly the keen hook baiting,
Its angle's weight in our thought we keep,
And patiently stand in waiting.
The billows lay, as at rest from play,
Round the dark-topped sunken ledge:
A wide sea-view, with sky as blue,
Just meeting its distant edge.
And here once more, as oft of yore,
While cheeks get brown as leather,
In the bracing breeze we take our ease,
For a day, all boys together.

'Tall ships, meanwhile, a noble show,
Come, pass and go before us;
And jests as freely, to and fro,
Attest what mood reigns o'er us.
Some nibbling jog from bass, tautog,
Or tom-head, easy caught;
Then soon a shout for the first one out,
And lively grows the sport;
On the sounding shore, where, as years before,
From toil and tedious weather,
We sport at ease in the cool sea-breeze,
All boys for a while together.

'Then, sometimes, in the light bateau,
 Or yacht, so smoothly gliding,
 We down among the islands go —
 In fortune still confiding;
 And anchor wide, with lines o'er side,
 Of ready wit brim-full,
 As the sprites we feel round the baited steel,
 And their signal oft: 'Pull! pull!'
 And then once more to the sea-faced shore,
 All hearts of kindred feather,
 And the feast prepare for kings to share,
 All boys as we are together!

Sir PRUDENT's phiz, 'mid sports like these,
 Like wine, fresh mirth exciting:
 Bad luck upon the croaker seize,
 Who comes dull care inviting;
 Aye, let him look, lest, hook or crook,
 A mischief there befall him!
 For, very sly and very dry,
 Their joke no less may gall him.
 Yet still the more we 'll seek the shore,
 When next year suns make weather,
 For a day at ease in the bracing breeze,
 All boys again together.

'And off at night, by the milder light
 For beauty's cheeks more fitting,
 The joy we 'll share with our partners fair,
 Along the smooth sands flitting.
 The ocean wide, its lessening tide,
 The white surf's pulsing play,
 Congenial sports and gentler thoughts,
 Our turning long delay,
 On the stretching shore, where suns no more
 Pour down untampered weather;
 Where cheering zest and freshening rest
 Nerve heart and soul together.

Rocky-neck, on the South Shore of Boston Bay, June, 1853.

HERE is the long-missing letter from Rome, of our friend 'Colonel PIPES, of Pipesville.' 'Moving' will always 'turn-up' things that have been lost or mislaid: so that, after all, this dreadful annoyance has its advantages, also:

'Hotel d'Almeyne, Rome, May 8, 1853.

'MY DEAR KNICK.: At last the feet of Mr. PIPES have reached the seven or eight-hilled city, and from a capitally-furnished room, only six stories high, with a magnificent prospect, is he penning these few lines to you, a keind friend promising to mail it from London, as that will save you at least a hundred dollars postage, this bein' very deer in the Papal States. Now as I have seen and gazed at sum werry curious 'things' on this side the worter, and have only a short space to report 'em in, I shall pick out a phew 'PIPE-stems' for those of your Reeder's who have done me the honor of glancing at my ill-spelled yarns. Fust of orl comes Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. In each of the cities and towns through which I have pass'd, I have seen, in various languages, the announcement of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' for sale, and in two instances the name was spelled thus: 'MISTRESS, HARRIET BEATCHER STOVE!' In PIEDMONT, I saw it aktd, and the Italian who took the part of UNCLE TOM affected the audience to tears, the women crying like sixty!

'My edication being sadly neglected in the 'classikal line,' wen a young child, prevents my givin' you any very extended notis of this world-renowned citty, or interesting anekdotes of Mr. CÆSAR, Mr. TITUS, Mr. NERO, or POMPEY's Pillar, and the like; but a

few of the 'things,' providing I can spell 'em right, I will 'jot down.' Among the foremost I would menshun 'The Colluseum,' where BIRON used to lie on a stone, and right 'CHILD HAROLD.' It is in vast preservashun, though wonderfully goin' to ruin. I sor the place were the wild beastesses used to cum up through a iron grateing, while Mr. CÆSAR and his family used to look on. SAINT PETERS is decidedly larger than our church in Barclay-street, take it orl round on an average; then, it has got a ball, so high that the bats can't fly up to it; whitch makes 'em very cross, they say. I sor the POPE, who is a very mild-looking gentleman, dressed in various colors. He wears a cap like a shngger-loaf, and has got a large cross on his gown, like wot they mark cattle with in the country sum times. People generally kiss his toe — I disremember which one — but I did n't. He goes to Bed about eight bells, and gets up immediately before brekfast. I visited the late residence of NERO and TITUS, still standing. Some of the fresko's, though painted three thousand years ago, are yet visible; they were done by various painters, such as VANDIKE ROOBINS, SIR JOSHUA RETNOLDS, MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, MORELAND, ELLIOTT, INMAN, and RAFFLE. I am not quite certain, but I think these are sum o' the names.

'Then I went to the VATIKAN—one thousand, four hundred rooms; sor statuary, mummies, (no daddys,) regular original ones, done up in linen; then I went to the theatre; paid two pauls entrance, (ten cents English;) the play was 'MARY, Queen of Scots;' did n't understand a word of it, corse it was hurried up in Italian. It appeared that Sir WALTER REALLY got into a muss with Queen ELIZABETH, but I a n't quite certain. Then I went to the 'Pantheon,' or the 'Pantry' I forget which: this was built twenty-five years B.C., and is still standing: there is a large hole at the top, which admits light and rain, sometimes both: I think they show you the pew St. PAUL used to occupy, but I'm not quite sure. Then I went to the arch of Mr. SEPTIMUS SEVERIUS, carved all over in real stone; then to the Pyramid of CAYIUS CESTIUS; then to the arch of CONSTANTINE, and Temple of VESTA, where the fust waist-coat was made; so they, said, but I a n't quite certain. I did n't see any regular, real Romans, like they used to be in the old times: they all wear tail-coats, now, and patent-lether boots, and gold shirt-studs. I sor the Forum, but I don't think they were sitting; I a n't quite certain. On my way to Rome, having to stop at Leghorn for two days, I took a run per railroad to PISA, and went up the Leaning Tower; and I fully expected it would fall down every minit, bekorse I wos there, but I believe it is yet standing. Pisa is in Tuscany, or Tuscaloosa, I forget which.

'Yesterday, I sor a copy of the 'KNICKERBOCKER,' of last month or the month before, at the English Reeding-Room of Mr. PIALE, Number Seventy-Nine, Piazza di Spagna and there were half-a-dozen 'Merikans waiting to get a sight at it. There was the nice blue cover, the pictur of 'Old KNICK.' in the easy-chair, and in a moment, there came to me such 'pleasant memories' of the past, of 'chats' and mild 'brewings' 'now and then' in the sanctum, of sundry visits to Nassau-street, and the polite and gentlemanly Mr. H —, when a bright, fresh copy would be handed me; and pleasing indeed to me was the thought that I might soon meet you all again!

'Trooly Yours,

'JAMES PIPES, of Pipesville.'

Col. PIPES has been everywhere. - - - WE should like to have seen 'NEHEMIAH DODGE's *Anti-Choking Arch-Valved Pump*' applied to the ERICSSON steamer, when she was sunk off the Jersey pier. The proprietor of this great improvement will construct a pump upon his principle which will throw a stream of water six inches in diameter from a ship's hold twenty feet deep, and one man can perform the operation. It is the wide-open, unobstructed, and *unobstructable* throat of the new valve, which gives Mr. DODGE's pump its great superiority over all modern inventions, or existing hydraulic improvements. Mr. DODGE will explain his invention to any one interested, at his residence, Number forty-two, University-Place.

CAN any reader tell us who is the author of the following lines? They are replete with a delicate fancy, and strike our ear as exceedingly musical :

'THE SUN stepped down from his golden throne,
And lay in the silent sea,
And the LILY had folded her satin leaves,
For a sleepy thing was she.
What is the LILY dreaming of?
Why crisp the waters blue?
See, see! she is lifting her varnished lid!
Her white leaves are glistening through!

'The ROSE is cooling his burning cheek
In the lap of the breathless tide;
The LILY hath sisters fresh and fair,
That would lie by the ROSE's side;
He would love her better than all the rest,
And he would be fond and true:
But the LILY unfolded her weary lids,
And looked at the sky so blue.

Remember, remember then, silly one,
How fast will thy summer glide!
And wilt thou wither a virgin pale,
Or flourish a blooming bride?
'Oh! the ROSE is old, and thorny, and cold,
And he lives on earth,' said she;
'But the STAR is fair, and he lives in the air,
And he shall my bridegroom be.'

'But what if the stormy cloud should come,
And ruffle the silver sea?
Would he turn his eye from the distant sky,
To smile on a thing like thee?
Oh! no, fair LILY! he will not send
One ray from his far-off throne;
The winds shall blow, and the waves shall flow,
And thou wilt be left alone.

'There is not a leaf on the mountain-top,
Nor a drop of evening-dew,
Nor a golden sand on the sparkling shore,
Nor a pearl in the waters blue,
That he has not cheered with his fickle smile,
And warmed with his faithless beam;
And will he be true to a pallid flower,
That floats on the quiet stream?

'Alas for the LILY! she would not heed,
But turned to the skies afar,
And bared her breast to the trembling ray
That shot from the rising star:
The cloud came over the darkened sky,
And over the waters wide:
She looked in vain through the beating rain,
And sank in the stormy tide.'

Very beautiful! - - - THERE must have been some suppressed 'snickering' in the 'meetin'-house' where the following laughable incident occurred: 'Let me tell an anecdote of one of the old settlers in this neighborhood, whom I will name PETER G —, who had resided on his farm near our village for the last forty years, and, by his industry and the increased price of lands, was called rich, and lived 'full fat and plenteously.' He was one of those hale, hearty, hard-working, bluff, blunt, open-hearted farmers, who thought more of looking after his stock and farm than of visiting a house of worship on the Sabbath-day. A near neighbor, who was his very opposite, and thought it sacrilege to miss a regular church-meeting, called on PETER one day and asked him to attend on the next Sabbath to hear Parson D — preach; who, by the way, had built up a large church in the village. So

PETER promised that he would be there on the next *Sunday*. Punctual to the time, as PETER thought, but a little late, he arrived at the door, which was closed, and the minister had commenced. PETER knocked at the door. Some one sitting near opened it. In walked PETER, with his ever-blunt 'How de do? how d' do?' and looking up at the minister, he said, 'Sir, how d' do?' and, in walking up the aisle, he spoke to every one, all of whom he knew. When his friend who had invited him, rose up to seat him in his pew, he grasped him by his hand and, with his loud voice said, 'How are you? and how are yours?' which made such an unusual commotion that the congregation was in one titter during the whole sermon. This was his first and last visit to Parson D ——'s church. He said they were 'the most dry, and unsociable set of people he had ever seen, when they had got on their Sunday-go-to-meeting faces.' - - - Our old friend and correspondent, 'LORRAINE,' after sitting awhile, the other morning, in our new publication-office, awaiting his accustomed chat with the Editor, took up a pen, and was presently delivered of the following gossiping epistle; a communication which shows, that even so trifling a thing as *The First Fly*, to a reflective mind, may become 'food for thought.'

'This is the fourth day of May; a month which, when I was young, was the sweetest, loveliest, and most flowery of the whole twelve.* Now, however, by some *tip* of the earth, or some obstructing body, (by the way, the eclipse is near at hand!) it is dreary, drizzly, cloudy, and cold. I see nothing, hear nothing, breathe nothing, that reminds me of the month of May, save and except one thing. I have just seen a *fly* — the first fly that has crossed my vision since the 'great fly-time' of last year. Where it came from, I don't know, nor does the fly know; nor do I care, nor does he. But here he was but a few seconds ago, brushing his bill with his fore-legs, and rubbing together his hind ones, and stepping briskly across your desk, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER. He is gone. Well, brighter skies to him, *soon*; and flowers, and more to eat and drink than, from present appearances, he can find in this new office of yours, Number Ten in APPLETON'S magnificent building.

The fly — how strange it is! But insignificant as he is, he associates himself with Uncle TOBY, and Dr. FRANKLIN, and hosts of others. What a lesson was that which Uncle TOBY read to the world, on humanity, when, (as every body knows,) after a fly had buzzed about his nose, and worried the tender-hearted old man to death, almost, he caught the fly, and straightway rising, walked to the window, and extending his arm out into the fresh and boundless air, said to him, kindly: 'Go thy ways, poor devil! — the world is big enough for both thee and me.' I can do this too, with a fly, but never with a mosquito! Down with the mosquito!

And into what a fit of philosophical thought did a fly once plunge Doctor FRANKLIN! The philosopher had some wine, which had been brought by him from France. During the process of decanting it, out came a fly. 'Well,' thought the Doctor, (for he was full of thought,) 'who knows but this wine may not have kept this fly in a state of vitality? Let us see?' So taking him up, gently, with finger and thumb, he laid him out to dry on the window-sill, in the sunshine. One eye on the wine, and the other on the fly, the Doctor presently let go the decanter, and walked over to see what it was that made a sudden motion in the fly. It was a breath of air, perhaps! No; it was the *return of absolute vitality*! The fly was alive! And he, too, as flies will, began, as this fellow did, (on your desk, just now) to rub the sides of his head with his 'fore, and his back, and wings, with his hind legs; then shaking himself, and his eyes having got all the wine out of them, and seeing the bright and beautiful light in which he so loved to sport in France, he gave himself to the air: his wings being put in motion, away he flew, not doubting for a moment that he was still in France, and had just parted from his companions, who, like himself, had been sipping the juice of the grape, but who, unlike him, were not caught in the current, and borne down through the great opening into the pipe or the demijohn, there to soak himself, and become unconscious, for the space of — no body knows how long. There can be no doubt that he had lost *nothing*, by that plunge

* Our friend and correspondent, Mr. S. C. MASSETT, of California, would scarcely have been inspired to write his beautiful '*May-Queen's Song*' for the ladies of the San-Francisco Female Seminary, had he been surrounded by such 'airs' as we had at the time in Gotham.

into the wine, for 'There is no perception of time in the insensibility of sleep.' Out of which opinion, some infer that 'the moment of *our* demise touches upon the moment of *our* restoration to life.' It may be so with this; and I have no doubt it was so with Doctor FRANKLIN's fly. Whether the fly ever discovered that he was not in France, but in America, no body knows—at least I do not.

'Now, it was not possible for a man having such a head as FRANKLIN carried on his shoulders, not to *reflect* somewhat upon the death, and restoration to life, of that fly. Our friends, the phrenologists, tell us that FRANKLIN's reflective faculties were prodigiously developed; of course he was bound to reflect a little on the coming to life of that hitherto dead fly; dead or drowned, which is about the same thing. And so, as was natural, perhaps, he reasoned thus: 'If this fly could die, and then revive again, after having been so long submerged and corked up in wine, why could I not, myself, be headed up in a pipe of the same kind of liquor, and after continuing there for a century, or more, or less, by some process of heating or revivification, breathe and live again?' Whatever the doctor's conclusions were on this question, it is certain he could never muster up faith enough to try the experiment. But only think of that great man's waking up, even now, and looking out upon what science and the arts have achieved since his day! How one of COLLINS' steamers would astound even his calm and penetrating faculties! And the cars and the locomotive, and being whirled along at the rate of forty miles the hour, what, I would like to know, would he think of that? But when he should be inquired of by some old Quaker friend in New-Orleans, or Philadelphia, or Boston: 'How art thou this morning, BENJAMIN?' and he should respond: 'Pretty well, I thank thee, SAMMY;' and get from two of these places in two minutes the response: 'Glad to hear it;' and from the third in ten minutes: 'Mayst thou long live and continue so,' what sort of thoughts, think you, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, would chase one another around and about his cerebellum? and what would be the *stir* in the congeries of his brain? How he would think of his kite, and of the lightning; and when he should learn that it was the lightning flashing the answers, he had received, along wires, he would say: 'My kite is the egg out of which all this telegraphing was hatched.' Calm as he was always, it would take him at least a month to quiet himself, as the wonders were looked into by his quick, and sagacious, and philosophical eye! If the doctor had gone into that pipe of wine, and been headed up, for one, I should wish him to remain there a while longer; for, if I am not mistaken, there are 'more things in our philosophy, HORATIO, than are yet dreamed of.' ERICSSON will be out soon with his wonderful invention; and a little while after, we shall all be going from place to place through the air, and the earth be unpeopled of its travelling community. That would be about the time I should like to *unbung*, and take the doctor from his sleep in the wine.

'I knew a man once, who, on reading the account of Doctor FRANKLIN's fly, resolved on proving to the world that there was *one* believer, at least, in his theory. He had a beautiful pointer, named PONTO. Upon this dog he resolved to test the question. So, on filling his ice-house, one winter, he ordered PONTO to be covered up in a cavity left in the ice. It was done. The next summer, when it was hot almost to suffocation, PONTO was brought forth from his icy tomb, and conveyed to the slope of a hill, covered with grass, and gently laid upon this beautiful carpet. Two stout 'CURFEYS' were put to work to rub PONTO, and apply to him all the agencies that were considered most likely to set what was once the machinery of his life in motion. But alas! PONTO had slept his last sleep; and so, after exhausting every experiment, his hair rubbed off, the owner gave orders to dig a hole, and put what remained of the poor 'experimental' animal into it.

'This, however, was not a fair test. It did not effect the experiment fully. PONTO ought to have been drowned in good old Madeira wine!

Well, let *that* experiment be tried! - - - 'BEAUTIFUL,' says a modern writer, 'it is to see and understand that no worth, known or unknown, can die, even in this earth. The work an unknown good man has done, is like a vein of water hidden under ground, secretly making the ground green; it flows and flows; it joins itself with other veins and veinlets; one day it will start forth as a visible, perennial well.' We thought of this passage the other day, in passing the noble institution now in process of erection, through the munificent liberality and generous public spirit of Mr. PETER COOPER. Mr. COOPER has been 'doing good' for years and years, without pretence and without ostentation; and his crowning act is the superb and superbly-endowed 'INSTITUTE' which bears his honored name. He did not wait until he could hold his money no longer, before he made a bequest of it for the

good of his kind. He desired to *see* the good he could accomplish; and, in the prime of life, and in the midst of his active usefulness, he has built himself a monument which will last as long as there is any gratitude left in the hearts of his fellow-citizens. Honor, *all* honor, say we, to *such* a disinterested benefactor of his race! - - - THE following 'Boat-Song,' which has 'gone the rounds' of the American and English press uncredited and unclaimed, is, we are quite certain, from the pen of our friend and contemporary, General GEORGE P. MORRIS; for we remember having seen it, on its first appearance, with his name prefixed to it:

'Pull away merrily — over the waters!
Tug to your oars for the wood-tangled shore;
We're off and afloat with earth's loveliest daughters,
Worth all the argosies wave ever bore.
Pull away gallantly — pull away valiantly —
Pull with a sweep, boys; and pull for the shore:
Merrily, merrily, bend to the oar!

'Pull away cheerily! — land is before us —
Green groves are flinging their balm to the spray;
The sky, like the spirit of love, bending o'er us,
Lights her bright torches to show us the way.
Pull away charily — pull away warily —
Pull with a nerve, boys: together give way:
Merrily, merrily, pull to the lay!

'Pull away heartily — light winds are blowing,
Crisping the ripples that dance at our side:
The moon bathes in silver the path we are going,
And Night is arrayed in her robes like a bride.
Pull away readily — pull away steadily —
Pull with a will, boys, and sing as we glide
Merrily, merrily, over the tide!

We are not surprised at the popularity of this song. It embodies the very spirit and life of the scene which is its theme. - - - HERE is a letter to the Editor, from a young lad in Kentucky, which we cannot resist the inclination to 'embalm' for preservation in the KNICKERBOCKER:

'DEAR SIR: I am a boy, fifteen years of age, and am at present attending a very good school. My teacher considers me one of his best scholars, and it is my intention never to give him occasion to think otherwise. I never, in school-hours, whisper with my neighbors; I never throw paper-balls across the school-room, where sit a regiment of small chaps, who, before the balls arrive, dodge behind their desks, their strong-holds, and quick up again to return the shot. No, Sir; I never indulge in such warlike exercises; but I apply myself assiduously to my studies. My teacher has often remarked that I study too hard. But I have ample time for exercise. When I began this letter I intended to ask a favor of you: whether you would be so kind as to buy for me a practical work on Fencing, for which I inclose one dollar. I do not know the price. By doing so, you will confer a lasting favor upon me.

'Your obedient and humble servant, T — A —.'

Will some of our publishers 'please advise' touching the *Work on Fencing*? We know not where to get it. - - - We are glad to learn that the *Exhibition of the National Academy of Design*, although open for scarcely half the usual period, was eminently successful the present season; having received, in that short space of time, more money for admissions than during the entire term last year. The art-critic of the '*Home-Journal*,' in his lively, matter-full '*Gazette*,' of Hoboken, speaking of the portraits in the collection, confirms the justice of the remarks heretofore made in these pages upon the

same theme: 'Of Mr. ELLIOTT's pictures it is difficult to write, and at the same time to avoid the repetition of ourselves and others; we need only say that the pictures of this accomplished Master of Arts, now on exhibition, fully sustain his previous reputation, and all the world knows what that is. Of Mr. ELLIOTT, an eminent English writer observes, that 'he seems born to continue the line of illustrious portrait-painters in America, at the head of which stands the immortal STEWART. If a gentleman sits to ELLIOTT,' he adds, 'a moderate immortality, whatever may be his peccadilloes, is certain.' Mr. HICKS, who paints in a style the very opposite of Mr. ELLIOTT's, is equally notorious as a master in his profession. As serious and as severe in his delineations as DA VINCI or OPHEL, he compels admiration by his fidelity, and impresses us with the simplicity of his style. His coloring, sombre and almost sepulchral compared with his rival, under the management of less skillful treatment, would ruin any other artist. It is to his absolute mastery over all his materials that he has been enabled to produce such nobly-wrought works of art. We do not, however, consider his present works equal to those we have heretofore seen. Yet, of the head of Mr. TRIMBLE, we venture to say, that we know of no living artist whose pencil could produce a better one. Of the picture itself, the simple historical character of the accessories will not allow us to speak in high terms.' We infer the 'English writer' to be Lord ELLESMERE. - - - The subjoined comes from Fort-Wayne, Indiana: 'I have an anecdote to tell you, which occurred last Sunday evening at one of our churches, known among the 'Philistines' by the not very euphonious sobriquet of '*Old Saw-Mill*.' After securing a seat, and getting comfortably 'fixed in,' I turned my attention toward the pulpit, anticipating something grand and sublime, as the 'brother' who was to hold forth, had arrived from a southern town, and although very diminutive in height, extended widely on all sides. A few scattering hairs 'peeped' over the top of the pulpit, and from their occasional bobbing, I concluded the venerable cranium of the reverend gentleman was underneath; and in this I was correct; for I had not been seated long when up popped the ruddy, luminous countenance of the divine, like the rising of the full moon over the eastern horizon in a calm summer evening. The preliminary exercises were disposed of, and a text chosen from one of St. PAUL's epistles. He spoke of 'Brother PAUL as a free-born Roman citizen, a man of great learning, boldness, energy, and perseverance; his miraculous conversion, when the heavenly light shone upon him; and 'how he fell to the ground.' 'Some may ask,' he remarked, 'why such a bold man as St. PAUL should fall to the ground because of the light: the true reason was, *because he could n't stand up!*' A slight titter ran among the audience, but whether caused by this cogent reasoning or not, I cannot say.' - - - The 'spread of intelligence' is very forcibly exemplified in the following 'authentic fact,' which we derive from a correspondent in Newport, Rhode-Island: 'This Newport is the place where, until within a few years, they '*built old houses*,' but since it became a fashionable summer resort for all sorts of people, there has been all sorts of buildings built. There is a journeyman-painter here who goes upon the principle of 'obeying orders if he breaks owners,' who was sent by his 'boss'

to paint a fine mansion, and a barn belonging thereto, with orders to 'fill up the holes and bad places, and make a nice job of it.' He returned about eleven o'clock, mixed up half a barrel of putty, and returned to his labor. The 'boss,' on inquiring how he used so much putty, ascertained that he had been trying to putty up the pigeon-holes! In finishing the floor of one of the rooms in the mansion, he painted all round the outer edges, and inclosed *himself* in the middle of the floor, in a small circle, where he remained until the paint became dry! Smart house-painter that! We commend him to our friend F——, in the Fifth-Avenue. - - - THE author of '*The Old School-House*,' says he is not a singer, but he recommends those who wish to sing them, to try the air of 'BEN BOLT;' at all events, if that don't hit them, he knows of no tune that will.' We venture to hint that the measure is so lax that the lines might be twisted to the air of 'The Groves of Blarney,' as 'poor POWER' used to elongate that veracious ballad:

* 'Do n't you remember the school-house, old friend,
With '*Tempus Fugit*' over the door;
Which prophesied in Latin of the recesses's end,
And made us enjoy them all the more?
In the old school-yard in the valley, old friend,
From the place where it stood all alone,
They have torn the old house, and erected in its place
A much more substantial one, of stone!

'Do n't you remember the master, old friend,
The master we all used to fear;
Whose one great delight was to check us in a smile,
And whose other was to cause us a tear?
In the old kirk-yard in the village, old friend,
In a corner, without any stone,
(Which remains to be laid,) they have laid his remains,
And *his* master now has his own.

'Do n't you remember the ferule, old friend,
That at one time endangered your life,
Being 'sbied' at your head by the master, who said
You'd been whittling the desk with your knife?
In the old box-stove, in the corner, old friend,
With the relics of his high-cushioned stool,
I deposited the ferule, and then kindled up a fire,
On the very day that I left the school.

'And of all the merry scholars that attended, old friend,
At the old school with me and with you,
We're the only ones left to remember the old house,
And to pay up our taxes for the new.
Like the chaff on the wind they have scattered, old friend,
And their names have passed out of my mind;
But among all the scholars of the present it is hard
To find many that are of the old kind!'

'A very good song, very well sung.' - - - THERE has not lately been a number of our Magazine in which we wished to say so much as in the present, nor one in which we have been constrained to say so little. Those who know what '*moving*' from the city to the country is, will look upon our short-comings with indulgence. A chartered sloop with all your household 'traps,' books, manuscripts, etc., on board, arrested by a three-days' violent north-east storm on the Hudson; the trouble in town, the trouble in the

country, the trouble on shore, the trouble on the water, the delays many the crosses vexatious, the neglects scandalous, the carelessnesses innumerable! But enough: we are 'settled' now, and next month we will 'settle our little account' with *you*, reader. - - - *The Wide West* is the title of a large, handsome, and exceedingly well-conducted weekly journal, published in San-Francisco, by BONESTELL AND WILLISTON. The vignette under the head is admirably designed. A locomotive, the '*Star of Empire*,' is rushing through a prairie, routing the buffaloes and bears, and 'waking snakes;' at one end are two miners, with their spades and pans, at work getting out gold, and at the other, a double team of mules and a characteristic teamster, driving a big covered wagon into 'the diggings.' It is a very striking and suggestive vignette. - - - The warm weather has come, and most *apropos* to the season are the '*Ice-Pitchers*' manufactured by our friend LUCIUS HART, at Number Six Burling-Slip, who, in his admirable, poetical way thus alludes to them in one of his late attractive advertisements: 'The lovers of pure iced Croton, who need pitchers that will not break when the Rockland Lake diamonds are dropped in, can be supplied with fine, stout Britannia Pitchers, holding from one to six quarts, with and without covers. They are not only used in our pipe-laying city, but are adapted to the 'latitude and meridian' of all places where the 'cooling water-brook' courses on its way, singing in liquid strains, a temperance melody; or where

"THE old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket ascends from the well."

Mr. HART is right. We have *tried* his pitchers, and 'speak by the card.' They are an almost necessary luxury during the summer solstice: moreover, they are as cheap as they are good. - - - Sitting upon the piazza to-night, and looking into the starry heavens, we called to mind the lines of a correspondent, ('*Sidera Caeli*,') and when we entered the sanctum, took them out of our port-folio for a second perusal. In *parte*, the poem is very impressive. Take the following passage, for example:

'T WAS God who ranged ye all around the world,
Your silver-crested bands — a splendid host!
Orion, girt with hundred burning gems;
The trembling PLEIADES, whose tearful eyes
For ever weep their gentle sister, gone;
The Dog-star, with his fiercely-blazing beams;
And that bright orb who nightly on Heaven's steeps
Kindles his beacon-fire, and at his post,
With sleepless eye, sees planets rise and set,
Moons wax and wane; what stars grow old and die
To human sight; sees in the after-time
Returning fresh and beautiful again;
Sees comets wheeling in their outer course,
And all the matchless imagery of Heaven
Spread through its boundless fields.'

The remainder is not so good. - - - 'I inclose you,' writes an Ohio correspondent, the 'original of an advertisement, that was taken by me, from a country school-house door, in one of my morning rambles a few days since. On inquiry, I learned that there had been no 'skule' kept there for the last

six months; which fact, no doubt, accounts for the striking irregularity of the orthography.'

'PUBLIC SALE.

'THE subscriber will offer for sale at his residence on Thursday March 30th 1854 in Springfield township Springfield Sontar near the Lake the following property to wit 1 two horse wagon 1 sly 1 kitchen enbart 1 three Cornard Cubart 4 pare of bedstids 1 set of Chalers 2 settees 2 tabels 2 iron kitals 1 are tite stove 1 desk 1 Clock 1 pare of scales and other articals to numers to mention Sail to commence at ten o Clock A M and there will be a resnabal Credit givan.

'JOHN LIMBER.'

YELLOWPLUSH is outdone! - - - THE following new publications have been received by the EDITOR since our last number, and will presently receive that attention which, for cogent reasons, elsewhere mentioned, we have been unable to extend to them in the May issue: MR. HENRY REED's new and complete edition (with numerous additions) of WORDSWORTH's '*Complete Poetical Works*;' MARY HOWITT's '*Art-Student in Munich*;' DE QUINCEY's '*Theological Works*;' DR. HITCHCOCK's '*Plurality of Worlds*;' ALBERT PIKE's '*Nugæ*,' ('printed for private distribution,' but too good to be kept private;) KENNEDY's '*Rob of the Bowl*;' TALFOURD's '*Critical and Miscellaneous Works*;' THE '*Life and Adventures of a Country-Merchant*;' History of the Origin and Changes of '*The Old Hundredth Psalm-Tune*;' '*A Lamp to the Path*;' '*The Winter Lodge*;' '*Uncle SAM's Farm-Fence*;' '*Spiritualism*,' by Judge EDMONDS and DR. G. T. DEXTER; '*The Sacred Circle*,' a monthly Magazine, by the same editors, assisted by MR. O. G. WARREN; Eulogy on the late HON. ROBERT M. CHARLTON; '*Lyrics, by the Letter H*;' '*VIOLET, the Child of the City*,' etc.; together with periodicals, collegiate and public-discourses, poems, etc. - - - WE have received from 'T. J. E.,' of Fort Vancouver, Washington Territory, his note and poetry; and quite agree with him in relation to the extraordinary resemblance it bears to the stirring poem of '*Trafalgar*,' which appeared in our January number. We shall communicate at once with the writer of the last-named effusion, and thereafter with our western correspondent. - - - WE would call especial attention to the advertisement of the *Art-Project*, on the last page of the cover of the present number. What a chance is there, 'my countrymen,' to secure good reading, good pictures, and, perhaps, the glorious Greek Slave! *Such* 'chances' occur seldom. - - - WE have perused several numbers of '*The Student, and Family Miscellany*,' edited and published by MR. N. A. CALKINS, at Number Three Hundred and Forty-Eight Broadway. It is a handsomely-executed Magazine, devoted to the diffusion of useful knowledge and *home instruction*, and is also designed as a monthly reader for schools. It is conducted with evident care and skill, and cannot fail to prove an instructive and entertaining monthly visitor. - - - Our best gallery of paintings, THE DUSSELDORF, with all its additions, is now in the Art-Union Rooms, and open day and evening for the small charge for admission of twenty-five cents. We have on several occasions spoken of these delightful works of art, and again advise every one who has not yet seen them, to do so without delay. We are sure those who have seen them, will repeat their visits as often as possible. - - - THE '*Stanzays Adresed to mi Suetart*,' 'after the manr of K. N. PEPPER,' are inadmissible. 'Is the sword unswayed? is the chair empty?' Mr. PEPPER is 'himself alone!'